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The Week

THE country's greatest loss in men, thus far in the war, must have found most Americans braced to read of such disasters as the sinking of a transport. That she went to the bottom homeward bound, instead of on her voyage to France with 1,200 soldiers, is a piece of good fortune. Despite all the skill and foresight shown by the War and Navy Departments in sending troops to France, the possibility of a great calamity has always been present. The fact that the losses on the Antilles involved but few fighting men will not lessen the regret that so many lives were taken by the lurking submarine. Seamen or stokers are just as truly servants of the nation as soldiers, and are just as freely risking their lives for their country. Heavier losses will surely come to America, if the war goes on, but this first toll of death necessarily carries with it a peculiar shock, and a special appeal to sympathy.

GEN. CROWDER'S statement as to the reconstruction of the draft machinery justifies the hope that the changes he announces will make the choice of men much more truly "selective" than before, and will greatly lighten the labors of the exemption boards. A new questionnaire which each registrant will have to fill out, and a new form for use of the board which will eliminate all the old docket sheets and records, all the laborious work of making and posting lists, and much of the old work in assembling personal information, are to be the chief instruments in this revolution. As for the registered man, he will feel that there is a new guarantee of exact justice in the statement that "the man who can least be spared either as the head of a family or the head of a business necessary to the defence of the nation will be the last to go." The questionnaires when filled out will be the basis for a division of the registrants into five classes; and this division into classes will relieve the draft of much of the unevenness traceable to varying interpretation of general rules by different boards. We may assume that married men with children, of whom a good many are now in camp, will hereafter not be sent in advance of unmarried, independent men unless their economic status is unusually high.

PSYCHOLOGICAL tests proposed for the new army are intended not only to promote military efficiency by elimination of defectives, but also to economize in manpower. Many men have volunteered or been drafted who, under ordinary conditions of civil life, would be fitted to compete with their fellows and survive successfully enough, but who, subjected to the terrible strain of modern warfare, would inevitably succumb mentally, and, in the end, find their way to our asylums. These men may be perfectly normal now. If left to peaceful pursuits, they might never be anything but normal. Yet an examination of ancestry and laboratory tests might establish their nervous organization to be such as to exclude them from the fighting zone which has already shattered the minds

of so many soldiers. The country will be saved an enormous tax on its resources after the war in the shape of payments to institutions, and thousands of useful citizens will be rescued for the community by this timely psychological examination. The light-minded may scoff at these new-fangled proceedings, but to thinking people they will furnish another assurance that, at least on the technical side, our preparations for war are being carried forward at a maximum of efficiency.

UNTIL the law permits Mr. Hoover to initiate a policy of retail price-fixing, if it should have to come to that, nothing would seem to stand in the way of an alternative policy of price-indicating. By this we mean an authoritative statement from the Food Commissioner's office of what a fair price for various commodities would be in various localities. Such an estimate need not enter into calculations of fractional parts of a cent, such as unfortunately becloud so many of our investigations. Once a fair norm is established and made generally known, the public in its dealings with the retailer will be in a position to recognize extortionate prices without trusting to personal impressions on the subject. Especially would the wide publicity for a fair normal price do away with the absurd variations in price which obtain from shop to shop in the same locality. The consumer at present cannot argue from the price of coal at the mine to coal in his bin, or from wholesale food prices to retail food prices, because the subject of distribution is a darksome book to him. It should not be difficult to work out such a scheme for him in regular bulletins, a procedure which might mean hardship in isolated cases, but would bring relief to a vast public.

THE annoying shortage in sugar is but a temporary condition; Western beet sugar will bring some relief within a few weeks, it will be followed by the arrival at market of Louisiana sugar, and December 15 the large Cuban crop will begin moving. We may be certain that the Government is doing all it can. It has taken steps for the complete stoppage of speculation in sugar, it is trying to keep all the sugar refineries of the East running, and at its suggestion the Cuban Government has lent the Cuban Railway \$5,000,000 to expedite the bringing in of the insular crop. That we have been exporting sugar heavily to Europe is not the whole explanation of the temporary dearth, for Mr. Hoover appealed weeks ago for home economy in the consumption of sugar, and he has found no evidence that his appeal was heeded. Every individual owes it to the country at large to take the step which individual advantage will itself point out—to use as little sugar as possible, doing without and resorting to substitutes till the market is again fully supplied.

THE loss of four or five out of a fleet of less than a dozen raiding Zeppelins reaffirms the established lesson of the inefficacy of the balloon airship for military purposes and especially for offensive purposes. If we ask why in face of such experience Germany should have sent forth

her Zeppelins against England, one answer may be that, having these monster gas-bags on her hands, Germany might as well try to squeeze all the profit out of them she can while the war lasts. A special reason for the latest raid on England is to be found in the General Staff's desire to brace up a slackening morale at home. On the eve of a winter of comparative lull in the land fighting, and another long winter of semi-starvation and general wretchedness and gathering discontent, it may be of some gain to make a combined demonstration of the Fatherland's still impressive powers. With her armies holding courageously under Haig's gunfire, her fleets in action in Russian waters, her armed cruisers raiding in the North Sea, and her airships hovering over enemy soil, Germany serves notice on her opponents, on her own people, that she is still very much in the fight.

THE starvation of England by the U-boats has by this time passed into a highly speculative future, even according to Tirpitz. But it is doubtful whether at any time even Tirpitz expected to starve out England. The principal purpose was undoubtedly to hamper the conduct of the war on land. Official figures for the third quarter of the year show that 2,642 British vessels have been diverted from normal trade to regular or auxiliary naval service. Since the Admiralty has been taking over the larger and swifter ships we may safely assume the same average of 4,500 tons to the ship that we have used in calculating the destruction of tonnage by the submarines. This would show nearly 12,000,000 tons diverted to purposes of war. Before England consented to accept a peace of starvation she would have brought back into the food service several millions of this tonnage. It would have seriously affected the military plans of the Allies, but it would have nullified the hope of a British collapse.

THAT recent conference at Berlin, where plans for control of trade after the war were seriously discussed, must be regarded as of considerable importance. It is very significant that such a conference should have been called just now, at all. The Germans are an extremely forehanded people, as the world knows to its cost. Yet their leaders would not be wasting precious time and energy discussing ways and means for resuming the broken threads of commerce unless there were a reasonable assurance of peace within a fairly short time. Here, then, is another proof of that abiding, unshakable belief in Germany that the war will soon end, which strikes the outsider as such an enigma. For almost a year all Germans, from the Chancellors down, have been talking as if peace were only a matter of days; and yet the military and diplomatic situation has not altered in a way to give ground for such confidence. These princes of finance and industry meeting at Berlin, in their discussions, quietly assume a proximate peace, and on the basis of that assumption proceed to lay plans for Germany's commercial future, a future which, they insist, by the way, shall not be Government-controlled, but, on the contrary, is to see a return to free trading without Government interference.

THE commissioning of 684 colored aspirants for officers' positions, all of them graduates of the "colored Plattsburgh" at Fort Des Moines, is at once the wisest and most just action towards the colored people the Wilson Adminis-

tration has taken since it first assumed office. There is an old and misleading belief that negro troops serve well only under white officers. This is partly because very few colored officers have been commissioned, so that there have been few tests. The conduct of the Tenth Cavalry under its lieutenant-colonel, Young, a colored graduate of West Point, during the Villa campaign, after the disability of Col. Dodd, ought to be a final answer to those who doubt the ability of colored men to lead, to say nothing of the magnificent performances of colored French troops in France. As a matter of fact, we believe that the best leaders for colored soldiers are colored men, and we expect these colored officers to reflect the greatest credit upon their race and their country wherever their service may lead them. The commissioning of them is the more welcome because the drafted colored men have not had a square deal. The boasted equality and democracy of the Draft law broke down in practice at the color line. If our reports are correct, only a portion of the young colored men eligible for the draft have been called out in certain Southern States. Here in the North they are only now being sent to the cantonments.

THERE is no doubt that Gen. Bell has been guilty of serious unfairness in refusing Mr. Hillquit permission to speak at Camp Upton. The Socialist candidate has the same right as the candidates of the other parties to address the soldiers under General Bell's command. There has been nothing in Mr. Hillquit's campaign to justify the fear that he would preach treachery, disloyalty, or sedition. No allegations have been made that such a fear was entertained. On the contrary, the refusal seems to have been based on vague generalities. Therefore, the ordinary citizen, not the Socialist only, will consider that such a refusal constitutes an unjust discrimination against the Socialist party. Under the circumstances, both Gen. Bell and Secretary Baker, to whom Mr. Hillquit makes a direct appeal, will act wisely if they reconsider their decision and give the Socialist candidate the opportunity of addressing his fellow-citizens in khaki to which he is entitled. Not to do this would be to enlist on Mr. Hillquit's side both sympathies and votes. Why add a grievance to his campaign which is largely kept going on grievances?

NO less a "regular" than Boies Penrose has repudiated the result of the Philadelphia Republican primary. The Senator draws the line at murder; in fact, he seems to revolt against any coercion of voters when practiced by the Vares, although he has not hitherto felt it a matter of conscience to refuse to accept the outcome of such coercion. His declaration of independence should be carefully preserved by the Vare faction, who in their turn a year or two hence may find it borne in upon them that Republicans "are not bound by any tie or obligation to support the county and ward tickets technically styled 'Republican' at the approaching election." A mere citizen might ask how it is that the Philadelphia county and ward tickets of 1917 are only "technically styled 'Republican.'" The ward in which the murder was committed was carried, in spite of violence, by the Penrose-McNichol candidate, while in most of the other wards there was no trouble, owing to the simple fact that the two factions had agreed upon a "fifty-fifty" ticket. The Senator thus tears up a scrap of paper that always before he has held sacred, and does so at the cost of aligning himself with

the reformers, and so of deserting his own candidates. But they will understand that, in the holy cause of beating a faction that you have never been able to beat before, minor losses must be overlooked.

WILL one of the peace conditions involve a return of Belgian and French art treasures removed by the Germans since 1914 from the occupied territories? Until the outbreak of the war, every one had supposed the custom of nations changed since Napoleon's time, so that it would no longer be possible for a conqueror to fill his museums with plunder. That supposition, like so many others, seems to have been given the lie by the Kaiser, whose agents are said to have emptied the Antwerp and Brussels museums for the benefit of Berlin. Even the Emperor's grandfather, in the war of 1870, took practically no toll of Paris art treasures. Malice has ascribed this moderation to the lack, in that Spartan generation, of appreciation for art, which led those earlier invaders to confine their activities, for the most part, to ormolu clocks and silver services. The modern Prussian, however, from the Crown Prince down, has become a dilettante connoisseur of art. Hence the very thorough clean-up made of art objects. Berlin, willy nilly, is to be made a world centre of art. If tourists prefer Paris because of its greater natural charm, they will, in any event, be forced to visit the Prussian capital in order to see Rubens's "Descent from the Cross." A monopoly of the world's supply of potash, and a collection of stolen art, is to keep the world at Germany's mercy—unless the terms of peace provide otherwise.

IT is gratifying to read that President Wilson is having his portrait painted by John Sargent. The present generation of Chief Executives, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson, are fortunate in being handed down to posterity by genius, instead of suffering misrepresentation at the dull hand of mediocrity. Our early American fathers had the benefit of Houdon, Stuart, Copley, Trumbull, and Peale, who gave us a gallery of true Olympians. But since that Augustan period there has been a singular aridity in our portraiture. The controversy about the Barnard Lincoln would not now be raging had the Emancipator had a great painter-biographer to sit to. Unlike Whistler, Sargent, in spite of his residence in England, has never lost touch with things American, and has always dedicated a certain percentage of his work to America. In President Wilson he ought to find one of his best subjects. He is to have a full week of sittings, which is a long time for the Sargent who was said to have dashed off a baker's dozen of portraits in less time.

THE Faculty Council of Columbia last week voted unanimously for a permanent Committee of Reference, with the President of the University as chairman and six of the Faculty as members, to which may be submitted any questions of discipline that might involve the separation of a teacher from the University, the reference to come either from the President or any officer of the University or from the trustees. Since the request only reads that such reference *may* be the procedure, the trustees are asked by the Council to establish this formally as the permanent policy of Columbia. So far so good. If the trustees accede to this reasonable request, some progress will have been made. But what is needed at Columbia is something more than that—

namely, an assurance of good faith by the authorities in any future cases calling for discipline. It must not be forgotten that a chief cause for the feeling of outrage which exists at Columbia comes from the fact that in the instances of Dana and Cattell the trustees calmly accepted those recommendations of the existing special Committee of Nine on questions of academic insubordination which they liked, ignored those they did not like, and then disingenuously gave to the public the impression that they had acted in accord with the wishes of the Committee of Nine and of the Committee of Instruction of the Faculty of Applied Science. If there is no positive assurance that the proposed Committee of Reference will fare better in future cases, there is no real gain. But even if this assurance is given, we sincerely trust that the faculty will not permit itself to be lulled by any promise into silence and indifference as to the cases of Cattell and Dana. It should speak out on them, and insist that Cattell receive his pension and Dana the year's leave, with permission to resign, which the Committee of Nine recommended.

THE second postponement of the Jewish Congress seems to be in accord with a general conviction that such a gathering now might do more harm than good. Too many people talking at cross-purposes would only interfere with the attainment of the original objects of the Congress. These were of a two-fold nature. First, the delegates would be expected to ask equal rights for Jews throughout the world. But this is a project dear not only to all Jews, but also to all the peoples of the Allied nations. The second object would be to discuss the question of Zionism. Here neither the Jewish community nor the world at large presents a united front. Discussion of the subject would only lead to acrimonious differences. On the other hand, there is pretty good evidence that authoritative assurances have been given the Zionist wing to the effect that, at any final peace conference, a Palestine, under good government, open to the settlement of all comers, without restriction, will be provided for. This is about all that moderate Zionists have been asking.

IT is taken for granted that a fire-swept community will follow Chicago's example and turn a disaster into a blessing by rebuilding upon improved principles. But the difficulties that have to be overcome before this result can be assured are prominent in the report of the commission that has had general supervision of the rebuilding of Salem, Mass. The requirement of non-combustible roofs was fought by persons financially interested in the use of shingles. The requirement of a larger amount of open space between houses was anathema to speculative builders, as was the ban on wooden "three-deckers." In the face of the destruction caused by a fire that owed its spread to the lack of just such precautions, however, they appealed with no little force to the body of citizens, who have supported the Commission also in its efforts for sanitary improvement of the 256 acres burned over. It is admitted that aesthetically the new Salem does not equal the best parts of the old. The first aim in rebuilding was utility, and not so much attention was paid to preserving the colonial appearance of the city as might have been. Even so, the general attractiveness of the rebuilt part excels that which it replaces, while the speculative builders have to admit a rise of values to a point higher than before.

Grey on Wilson

A VOLUME of President Wilson's war-writings—diplomatic notes and messages to Congress—has recently been published in London. To the book a preface was contributed by Lord Grey of Falladon—better known to Americans as Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary when the war began. It has been said of him that he possesses a power of lucid statement second only to that of Mr. Asquith. He is, besides, a Liberal of the old stock. This appears in what he now says of the new Russia. The Russian Revolution and the entry of the United States into the war are, declares Lord Grey, the two great events of 1917. He holds, differing in this from many timid folk in England and elsewhere, that, despite military setbacks, the Russia of to-day “is more powerful in the war for freedom” and will be “far more helpful in the making of peace” than a reactionary Russia could possibly have been. In words which may be commended to Tories, whether in England or in America, this steadfast Liberal asserts: “A free Russia is a splendid increase of the freedom of the world, and whatever the immediate and passing effect upon the progress of the war, the future effect upon democracy in Europe and upon international relations generally must be most favorable and of incalculable value and benefit.”

Discussing the immediate effect of the coming into the war of the United States, Lord Grey insists that it at once and forever made impossible a “German peace.” No conceivable military success could now bring this about. The resources and determination of America being what they are, Germany cannot get peace, and the economic restoration which is her vital need, except on conditions which the United States deems essential. “It is impossible to get round this fact,” argues Lord Grey; and he asserts that German statesmen know this perfectly. Not being able to face the fact, they turn their backs upon it, for that is the real meaning of the “organized silence” in Germany about the action of the United States.

If Germany, then, must bring herself to seek a peace agreeable to the United States, where is she to look for its definition? In the utterances of President Wilson, says this British statesman, because they “satisfy and carry conviction.” Lord Grey, out of office, thus aligns himself with the official representative of the British Foreign Office, Lord Robert Cecil, who has just explained that it was not necessary for England or France to make a reply to the Pope, since President Wilson had been the “clear and powerful spokesman” for the Allies. Pursuing this thought, Lord Grey contends that the President's view of what must come after peace is the main thing that makes it worth while to fight on—namely, to bring about “something constructive,” some “moral change in international relations,” with the admission by the whole world that “militarism and civilization have now become incompatible.” Towards a peace based on such conceptions, and towards a League of Nations to bring it about and sustain it, Mr. Wilson has bidden the world look; and Lord Grey writes in language of the greatest significance:

When it is evident that at a peace conference table the Allies will meet German plenipotentiaries who will accept and share in letter and spirit, and will represent German authority that also accepts and shares in letter and spirit, the views of national policy and the aspirations for the future of the world that are contained in President Wilson's public declarations, then there

will rightly be the strongest movements here and in the Allied countries to discuss peace.

Americans have been asked not to “speculate” about peace. But they may at least note with pleasure that their own President's terms of peace have been endorsed as right by the other nations at war with Germany. Nor need they conceal their satisfaction when, even within Germany and Austria, evidence appears that the principles laid down by the American Government are getting slow recognition. The best Liberal opinion in England hails it as a fact of enormous importance that the German and Austrian replies to the Pope clearly accepted disarmament and a League of Peace as the necessary outcome of the war. That there must be democratization of the German Government, too, is to-day as stoutly asserted by Scheidemann as it was by Wilson. All this does not mean that peace is coming soon, but only that the ideas essential to peace are gradually making their way. Many things must come first. There are cruel wrongs which Germany must acknowledge and repair. The blood of Belgium still crieth from the ground. But with the finger of the whole outside world now pointing Germany to the indispensables and the inevitables, it may be hoped that the German Government will soon take the needful steps towards meeting the desperate longing of the German people for peace.

The German Fleet and Petrograd

IN the editing of its war bulletins, the new Russia has adopted revolutionary principles. In contrast to the policy of optimism in every other War Office, Petrograd puts the darkest complexion on the news it utters. This may be nerves, or an exaggerated method of preparing the public for the worst, or a policy of stirring the national consciousness to resolute action through fear. Thus it is hard to see why, close upon the first announcement of the naval battle in the Gulf of Finland last week, the decision to remove the Government to Moscow should have been announced. The statement gave the impression of a much more serious defeat than seems to have been the case. The main Russian fleet is as yet safe in the Gulf of Finland. But even if the whole Russian fleet had been put out of action, it is not easy to see why that should have forced the immediate decision to remove the Government from Petrograd. The Russian fleet by itself could never defend the capital against the Germans. It is doubtful if the Russians have more than a couple of Dreadnoughts and half a dozen older battleships in the Baltic. The safety of Petrograd lies in the mined waters of the Gulf of Finland and in the fortifications of Cronstadt, twenty miles from the capital and described in the textbooks as impregnable.

If the Provisional Government really fears for the loss of Petrograd, through the forcing of the Cronstadt gateway, it is an extraordinary tribute to German efficiency and morale, and a confession of demoralization among the defenders of Cronstadt. The Germans would then be attempting a feat which the lessons of the naval war hitherto have been thought to demonstrate as impossible, and that is to bring warships into play against mines and shore defences. What the Allies disastrously failed to accomplish in the Dardanelles, the Germans would be risking against Cronstadt. Or it may be that the adventure is not so reckless as would appear, and that Germany is counting upon a collapse of

fighting power among the defenders of Cronstadt, where Bolshevik doctrine and mutiny have flourished. Yet until events show the contrary, we must refuse to believe that this is the fact. Bolshevik doctrine limits itself to denying the necessity of attack; it has not repudiated the necessity of resisting attack. The Soviets have denied that the famous break in the Russian lines in Galicia last July took the form of a cowardly abandonment of trenches. They have published documents to show that the division which was reported to have run away on July 19 in reality perished under German gunfire in the trenches. The men on the Baltic ships fought well in the recent battle in the Gulf of Riga. Until further evidence is at hand, therefore, we may assume that it is not anticipation of a fleet attack on Cronstadt and a cowardly surrender of the fortress that is the direct cause of alarm at Petrograd.

We get a hint of what the real danger may turn out to be in the evacuation of the fortified port of Reval, at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland. This event suggests an elaborate German plan for joint naval and land operations in which the fighting on sea is subsidiary. The main object would be to land troops on the shores of the Gulfs of Riga and Finland so as to take in the rear the entire Russian front now lying northwest of Riga. Such points of disembarkation would be Pernau on Riga Gulf and Hapsal on Moon Sound. But Hapsal in turn is about sixty miles from Reval, and a rapid advance would cut off that port. Once established at Reval the Germans would have attained a double success. They would have forced a Russian retirement to the line of the Petrograd-Pskoff-Dvinsk railway, involving the abandonment of the provinces of Livonia and Esthonia with an area of 25,000 square miles. They would have shifted their base of operations against Petrograd from Riga, which is 360 miles from the capital, to Reval, which is 230 miles from Petrograd. Furthermore, whereas the direct advance from Riga would lead through a difficult lake and marsh country, the advance from Reval would be across the much more favorable terrain along the southern shore of the Gulf of Finland. It is not to be supposed that such an advance would be undertaken at the beginning of winter. The operations are preliminary to a spring campaign; but the danger is considered pressing enough at Petrograd to call for immediate action.

Aside from the military results which would thus follow upon the German naval victory in the Gulf of Riga, the moral effect is not to be discounted either in Germany or among the Allies. Close upon the news of mutiny in the German fleet comes this dramatic demonstration of the effectiveness of the fleet. The German people will be invited to take notice that the German fleet has succeeded, where the Allies have failed, in solving the problem of mined waters and shore fortifications. It will be cited as an effective reply to the British taunt about the Kaiser's Dreadnoughts skulking in the safety of the Kiel Canal. And unquestionably the force of the rejoinder will be felt abroad. The naval party in England and in this country which has been calling for an attack on the German bases will be encouraged. Not that the argument will have gained in soundness. A naval attack on Russian fortifications is not an attack on German fortifications. The loss of capital ships to Germany would mean almost nothing; the loss to the Allies might be fatal. Nevertheless, the outcry for more drastic naval action is pretty sure to come.

The Menace of Mitteleuropa

THE Kaiser's journey to Constantinople by way of Sofia is plainly intended as a visible demonstration of Middle-Europe. That the journey should be made at this time will be interpreted in Allied quarters according to temperament and outlook. It may be regarded as the triumphant affirmation of a fact, or as an attempt to put life into an idea that has shown a declining vitality. For the moment we may take the view of the pessimists who find that the menace of Mitteleuropa is real and will continue to be real unless the Allies obtain a crushing military decision. This is the thesis of M. Chéradame, who insists that Germany might eschew all annexations and yet emerge victorious from the war as the head of a virtual empire of 150 millions. It is the menace recently emphasized by the Bohemian patriot leader, Professor Masaryk, in his criticism of the formula of peace without annexations. That phrase, according to Masaryk, is nominally a return to the *status quo ante*. In reality it will mean "the surrender to Germany of that which she has already annexed," namely, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria. "It is an annexation surpassing even the dreams of the theorists of imperialistic Pan-Germanism."

To such fears the reply has been made that Middle-Europe is only a temporary military expedient which will fall apart with the coming of peace. It has been pointed out that Austria chafes under German military domination and resents the schemes for her economic absorption after the war. The proud Magyars would not tolerate the hegemony of the Berlin Junkers. The Bulgarians might not be content with their humble part in the Middle-Europe, but, counting on their strategic position as masters of the land bridge between the Black Sea and the Ægean, might pursue their own ambitions of a great Balkan state under Bulgar leadership. The Turks, with no love lost for the Germans, might conceivably be found on the other side in a future test of strength. But in all cases the rejoinder would be that these are mere possibilities which the world dare not weigh against the present fact that Germany does control Middle-Europe. The Austrians may chafe, but they cannot forget that German armies have saved them repeatedly from destruction. So with Hungary and Turkey. So, to a minor extent, with Bulgaria. What men like Chéradame and Masaryk ask us to contemplate is the result of an Austro-Hungarian army brought up to the level of German efficiency, of Turkey reinforced with strategic railways and German military leadership and money; in short, of a population of 150 millions mobilized by the General Staff at Berlin.

For a really convincing refutation of the peril of Middle-Europe we must turn to what men are now saying, not in sanguine Allied quarters, but within Middle-Europe itself. No less a person than the protagonist of the Middle-Europe idea, Dr. Friedrich Naumann, is now beset with serious doubts as to whether his ideal of an economically self-sufficient Central Europe is attainable or desirable. Naumann has recently been arguing for the old Free Trade doctrines, for the interdependence of nations, and against the Allied policy of the "organization of economic death." As a writer in the *New Europe* argues, the advocates of Middle-Europe have been living for three years in just the kind of self-sufficient economic block they have contemplated, only to

discover "that life in a community without an adequate supply of cotton, wool, silk, leather, and jute, of animal and vegetable fats, of lubricating oils, of tea, coffee, and cocoa, of copper, tin, nickel, not to speak of foodstuffs, is so squalid and lowering as to be almost unendurable." We know from experience how little relief the people of Germany have obtained from the abundant food supplies which they have been so frequently invited to contemplate, first from Turkey, and then from Bulgaria, and then from conquered Rumania.

Even here a rejoinder is possible. It may be said that Middle-Europe will not remain economically isolated; that we can depend upon immediate self-interest in Allied countries to assert itself when the first heat of enmity has passed with the coming of peace, and that England and Russia will not refuse to do business with their best customer. It follows that Middle-Europe would be only a fiction economically, but a very dread reality in a military sense. Middle-Europe will not starve in times of peace, and when it comes to war the German General Staff will mobilize a population of 150 millions. But we may admit all this, and yet maintain that once war has broken out Middle-Europe will not be much better off than Central Europe is to-day; not better off economically and not better off in the field. This confession is virtually made by Gen. von Freytag-Loringhoven, deputy chief of the General Staff in Berlin, in his new book, "Lessons from the World War," of which the main thesis has been summed up by a reviewer in the following words: "The armies have lost the power of bringing about a radical decision in the war, and the strategic situation depends on economic conditions." Of Germany's enemies Freytag-Loringhoven plaintively remarks that they "have new possibilities of resistance constantly opened up to them, because *the sea is theirs*, and so victories which would once upon a time have been absolutely decisive, and the conquest of whole kingdoms, have not brought Germany any nearer to peace."

The moral is obvious. Germany may practice domination in Middle-Europe; she may impose her own discipline and efficiency on the Hapsburg armies; she may build strategic railways in Turkey; she may begin another war with a more formidable rush than the one on Paris; but so long as "the strategic situation depends on economic conditions" she cannot impose her will on the considerable fraction of the world outside the frontiers of Middle-Europe.

What Do the Soldiers Read?

NO small part of the keen curiosity that the world has felt concerning trench warfare relates to the use of idle time. In an army that was never on the march, never free of the foe, how was the strain relieved in the hours off duty? Specifically, what would one who formed a bit of a living wall against a wall of fire and steel feel like reading? Few subjects could be more tempting to the speculator in psychology, who in such a matter could make out a most plausible case for any conclusion he chose to reach. But it is not necessary to rely upon guessing, masquerading as reasoning. We have a mass of particulars. The supplying of soldiers with something to read began with the war. The night after hostilities were declared between Germany and England, an Englishwoman, Mrs. H. M. Gaskell, lay awake wondering how she could help in the struggle. Recalling how much a certain book she had read during a recent illness had meant to her, she was taken with the idea of providing

reading matter for the men at the front, in hospitals, and elsewhere. In a few days Lady Battersea lent her mansion for the work. Lord Haldane officially approved the plan, and the first call for books went out.

The response was immediate—and mixed. Empty wagons had to be hired and kept at the door for the refuse that people had seized the opportunity of sending under the pretext of being charitable. Old parish magazines were received and sent to the pulp-makers by the tens of thousands. Enterprising householders were soon raking up copies of *Punch* bearing the date 1846, "Hints to Mothers," "How to Cut a Blouse," "Guides to English Watering-Places," even old telephone-directories and—*mirabile dictu*—"Meditations Among the Tombs," and patriotically dumping them upon the volunteer distributors. Yet the first call brought a full million well-selected books, which included rare editions of standard authors. The latter were sold, and the proceeds invested in volumes of the kind most needed. So was started an activity that speedily grew and branched until it has become one of the great departments of war-work. Merely to collect adequate information about it is a task of no small size, but this has been done, and the facts organized into an interesting story, by Theodore Wesley Koch, chief of the Order Division of the Library of Congress. His account, which has been appearing in the *Library Journal* of the New York Public Library, is now reprinted in enlarged form in a pamphlet having the title, "Books in Camp, Trench, and Hospital."

A glance at these pages suggests that the question of soldiers' reading should be revised to run, What do the soldiers not read? "Boswell and Pepys," said Mrs. Gaskell, "Nick Carter, detective stories, the Bible, Nat Gould, Wordsworth's 'Prelude,' 'Famous Boxers,' the Koran, Miss Austen, Mark Twain, Marie Corelli, Macaulay, *London Opinion*, the *Round Table*, go side by side." And this not by any chance arrangement, but in response to expressed preferences from the front. Mr. Koch tells of a German soldier and his son who had been sent from Verdun to the Russian front, where they were wounded and captured. In adjoining beds they were furnished by the Y. M. C. A. with a copy of "Oliver Twist" and a Russian grammar. In the same ward was a young Berlin professor who had done research work in the British Museum. His brooding was relieved by the gift of the "Christmas Carol" and the inevitable Russian grammar. A count who was a prisoner in a Russian camp asked for a good American story. He received "Black Rock," and pronounced it one of the best novels he had ever read, and asked the Y. M. C. A. secretary to send him ten others of the same kind from America "after the war." A visit to Petrograd enabled the secretary to gratify this desire earlier than the date the count had named, and Ralph Connor, Gene Stratton Porter, and Jack London never had more grateful readers than the count and his companions in adversity.

But surely, some one will say, there are books that most soldiers like better than they like others. This is true. "Detective stories are shouted for." The "favorite" authors "come in grand procession of favor," Kipling, Jacobs, Florence Barclay, John Oxenham, Rider Haggard, Dumas, Stevenson. According to this, soldiers are very much like non-combatants. The parallel goes further. Like non-combatants, they have their "highbrows." Whether or not it is these that called for the "Hundred Best Poems" and even the "Hundred Best Love Poems" may be matter of contro-

versy, but there is no mistaking the "smart young soldier" who limped slightly and from whose pocket stuck out a copy of Browning. He had profited by three weeks in the convalescence camp "to read for the first time the whole of Keats and Wordsworth, and was just beginning Browning." The ambitious soldier was a musician, but "you can't bring a 'cello with you on active service" and so he had "fallen back more on reading," of which he was always fond, but of which he had done more in ten months in camp than in any ten months at home. He was looking out for a copy of Shelley or Francis Thompson. He must have been related to the man who was reading Macaulay's "History of England." A sergeant asked for half a dozen copies of Omar Khayyam to give his men at Christmas. One soldier who knew nothing of Dickens before he enlisted except the "Tale of Two Cities" had read in France "David Copperfield" and "Great Expectations" and was deep in "Our Mutual Friend."

All this takes no account of the requirements of men like those who sent in a request for "The Agricultural Holding Act, a Motor Manual, Practical Navigation, Bee-Keeping, and Furniture (periods and styles)." No armies ever read like the armies of to-day, because no armies could read as they can read. Just why and how the struggle affects literary inclinations is less important than the fact that among the items on the credit side of the terrible balance-sheet are better acquaintance with literature, major and minor, and a stronger tendency to turn to it as to a better world.

High Comedy and Low Brows

THERE are regularly recurrent moments in the amusement season when the orbits of the lowbrow and the highbrow touch. The circus is one such instance. The advent of Fred Stone is another. Sporadic contacts occur when Broadway imports some European example of super-clowning or fairy tale like "Sumurun" or "Kismet." Then the way is made easy for the lowbrow—and proud of it, sir!—to confess that there is something in this thing called imagination; and for the highbrow to admit his share in the elemental tastes of our common humanity. Yet such contacts, regular and irregular, are still too rare in the theatrical solar system. When it comes to the drama we are a pitifully hyphenated nation. The very zest with which we acknowledge the primitive art of Fred Stone only emphasizes the normal cleavage. We need not be so cruel as to insist that in the enthusiastic tributes to Mr. Stone there is a touch of condescension or at least of self-consciousness, testifying to a lingering sense of doubt as to whether one is, after all, doing the proper thing. With all such reservations, we can only be thankful for the fervor with which the creator of the Wizard of Oz is regularly received; for the warmth that greets the perennial return of Maude Adams and Peter Pan; for minor signs which give basis for the hope that we shall not always, in the field of the drama, remain a divided nation.

Before this reunion is attained, we must get rid of the vicious assumption which underlies the striving of the last dozen years towards the creation of an American "drama," and this is that we face a clean-cut choice between the "punch" of the popular play and the conscien-

tious boredom of poetic drama or high comedy. It is the mistake made by so many of the League movements and the Intimate Theatres which have marched to the attack of the "commercial" drama under the banner of Dunsany, Chekhov, and, let it be said frankly, even Maeterlinck. It is wrong in the fact and disastrous in the result to assume that only the proletariat can guffaw in the theatre, but that the better sort of drama must be received with polite laughter. The mischief is double. It means that the masses who insist on laughing aloud cannot be won over to the higher forms of the theatre, and that the select audiences cannot be permanently kept; for even in the very best circles the need for full-mouthed enjoyment must be frequently felt. Strange, that precisely among us, where cultural distinctions are at a minimum, the outward symbols should pretend to extremes. London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, know how to combine gusto with imagination, "pep" with æsthetic enjoyment, the "punch" with intellectuality; but for us it is apparently a choice between vaudeville and the drawing-room.

The need in the theatre is for high-class fooling, but not superfine fooling. Our difficulties are much like the trouble which Mr. O. W. Firkins finds with English poetry, in his admirable article in the *Atlantic*. He feels that poetry has been refined, gemmed, and beautified away from contact with the common life and the limited capacity of the normal man for sustained æsthetic sensation. Not that we have anything in the drama which lies open to the charge of being too beautiful and uplifting for the normal man; but the efforts for a national "drama" do suggest some such ideal. Mr. Firkins is driven to find in the "Biglow Papers" the synthesis he longs for, "the capacity of dialect to set forth lofty purpose and vigorous thought, and to skim lightly up and down the long scale that divides the grotesque from the sublime." That is the problem, how to be lofty without ceasing to be vigorous, how to make use of the ladder of the grotesque in our commendable efforts towards higher things. There are encouraging signs that we are dimly recognizing the true nature of the problem. It is something that the art of Joseph Urban has been enlisted in the service of musical comedy and "girl shows." It is something that theatrical managers are developing a taste for the unusual play, unusual, that is, in its combination of the lost art of dialogue with whimsy, audacity, buffoonery, it does not matter what, so long as it is zestful.

Of this new promise in the theatre, the name of Clare Kummer will instantly occur as the most encouraging example. In the short space of two years she has done more for the reunion of laughter and taste than all of our pretentious Leagues, and Intimate Theatres, and Repertory Theatres. But in the path of Clare Kummer the old danger is looming up. Her work, never very robust in structure, though hearty in appeal, is getting "thinner." She seems to be in peril of succumbing to the filmiest of dress-making for popular "stars." But there is another and more serious danger. It consists, without striving at paradox, in the very praise which has been bestowed on Miss Kummer as a creator of "high comedy." High comedy is being too easily accepted as the study of manners among a sophisticated and well-moneyed class. High comedy without the quotation marks is by no means that exclusively. Let us mention only Molière. Concern with the doings of "polite society" will in the long run prove

fatal. In the first place we have only the simulacrum of such a class, and the product is bound to be artificial. In the second place, even if we had that class, it would be necessary to pass it by in our search for that elemental vigor combined with intellectual grace which is our great-

est need. The solution lies with the playwright, and he will ultimately find his task easier if he assumes that he can get the material for fun, with thought, in the broad spaces of our national life, instead of looking for it in the limousine class.

The New York Mayoralty Election

A CAMPAIGN of vast importance to the cause of good city government in the United States is drawing to its close in New York with dark prospects for the success of the reform cause. The best Mayor the city has known in recent times appears at this writing to have only a "fighting chance" to succeed himself. He has advanced the interests of the city immeasurably. He has brought statesmanlike vision to the handling of many questions of far-reaching moment. His administration has been amazingly free from scandal, though not, of course, from malicious charges of wrong-doing. He has been a remarkably able and impressive presiding officer over the series of receptions to foreign embassies at which New York has been the host since the early summer. A year and a half ago he gave the greatest exhibition of moral courage ever seen in this city, in going counter to many of his co-religionists and the powerful Catholic Church in the controversy between the city and the church in regard to the conduct of certain Catholic charities. He has been scrupulously honest and above board, has grown measurably in intellectual stature and as a political speaker. Finally, he has much personal charm—and yet the city appears to be turning from him.

What is the explanation? Is it merely that the Fusion managers were asleep when the primaries came and therefore allowed a partisan venturer, if not adventurer, to walk off with the Republican nomination after it had first appeared, through falsification of the ballots, that the Mayor had received it? There are those close to Mr. Mitchel who say that the race was lost then and there; that this carelessness of very amateurish campaign managers is responsible for what may mean the setting back of good government for four long years and for placing the city in the hands of the most demonstrably unfit candidate for the Mayoralty that Boss Murphy has yet picked to do his bidding. I am not of this opinion; at least I believe that had the Mayor captured the Republican nomination he would still have had a hard race and a doubtful one in order to win the election.

The chief fact is that while the Mayor has gained the enthusiastic support of the business men of the city to a remarkable and unequalled degree, he has utterly failed to make the plain people of the city feel that he is their friend, their supporter, their servant, their leader, their Mayor. He has been all of these things, yet they believe it not; so that if he succeeds it will be a victory for the prosperous elements, for the well-to-do property owners, for what are known as the "cultured classes." "Big business" is behind him to a man. The captains of industry, like Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, have the profoundest respect for him. He will get every vote in the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' Association, and the City and University Clubs. But he will lose many on the teeming East Side where poverty and idealism flourish side by side and where, it is admitted to-day, he will run far behind the Tammany and Socialist candidates. Throughout the city there is one group after another expected to vote solidly

against him, because there is this one great defect in his leadership, that he cannot impress upon the city's plain people the fact that he thinks and works for them. Naturally his having the support of the great capitalists and business interests is being industriously used against him among the masses and by the vicious Hearst newspapers, which alone are supporting Hylan.

He has had, it is true, not a little hard luck. The needless loss of the Republican primary is the most conspicuous. It is hard luck that the election should come in a war year when men's minds cannot be as readily concentrated on local issues. It is hard luck that a man in whom he believed and whom he trusted as a friend should be under indictment for what is alleged to be perjury and misrepresentation in the sale of certain lands to the city. It is not his fault that in standing out justly against the wrong-doings of the Germans abroad and on the high seas he should have alienated a large group of our citizenship that resented his outspokenness long before war was declared. It was hard luck that the Mayor was ill at home the day that the City Hall was stormed by Jewish women protesting against the high cost of living, on which occasion, it is alleged, many were beaten and maltreated by the police. It was hard luck, in view of the Tammany charge that Mayor Mitchel is a little brother to the rich and the privileged, that when he was in an automobile accident it should have proved to be a Vanderbilt car in which he was riding.

But to his hard luck must be added no little tactlessness. It was tactless of him to bring captains of industry so prominently to the front in the recent greetings to the Allied delegations. It was tactless to deny to his rival Hillquit the right to speak on the City Hall steps which he himself exercised for political purpose. It was tactless of him to refuse to join Mr. Hillquit in a joint statement approving woman suffrage. It was tactless for him to let his name appear so frequently in the society news as visiting at Newport or being in the homes of the Four Hundred, because these reports of his doings were not offset by pilgrimages to the East and West Sides. He has not gone about among the masses of the city. When Wilson was Governor of New Jersey he planned to give the people of the State, his clients, an accounting of his stewardship on the steps of their several court houses. Fate prevented him from carrying out this plan. A similar one has repeatedly been urged upon Mayor Mitchel, but without avail, which is the more regrettable because certain of the boroughs believe that the Mayor is not at all interested in their concerns—Brooklyn and Richmond, for instance, where the tide of dissatisfaction with the Mayor runs high on purely local issues, such as the garbage plant placed in Richmond and the real estate scandals in Brooklyn.

Being human, the Mayor has made mistakes more serious than those due to tactlessness. A man who has such enormous problems to dispose of must rely a great deal upon advisers, and there can be no doubt that in accepting the

original plan for the solution of the Riverside Drive and Eleventh Avenue railway difficulty he was misled. No suspicion of favoring the railway or of desiring anything save that the city should have the best possible bargain should attach to him; yet the fact that a new scheme is being worked out is naturally used by his enemies as proof that they by their clamor forced him to recede from a careless bargain. It was a mistake not to have supervised more closely the real-estate purchases at Coney Island and Rockaway, though it is yet to be proved that the city paid one cent too much for what it acquired there—properties, by the way, that will inure to the great benefit of our present citizens and future generations. All of these things have, however, been skilfully twisted against the Mayor, and so has the failure to complete the subways on time, for which the Public Service Commission and not the Mayor is responsible. Again, the heavily increased cost of the subways, for which the Mayor is certainly not at fault, has brought the city so nearly to its debt limit that it has not been possible to go on with the construction of the court house, which was to have cost \$12,000,000. The millions already invested in the real estate needed for this building are therefore lying idle, and this great improvement is indefinitely postponed. Naturally Tammany has made effective use of this, although any other Mayor in Mr. Mitchel's shoes would have been compelled to do the same.

The greatest tactical mistake in the conduct of the Mayor's campaign has been the introduction of the Americanism issue together with the outspoken assertions by the Mayor and others that a vote for any one but Mitchel would be a pro-German vote. There were differences of opinion as to the wisdom of this policy among the Mayor's advisers, but the overwhelming vote favored bringing in the war issue. Thus was deliberately violated a fundamental theory of the good-government campaigns in this city during the last three decades, that national issues should not be brought into local campaigns. The Mayor had made his stand perfectly clear as to the war; everybody knew it, everybody knew that he would rather be leading a regiment in France than be running for office again. But the city has been plastered with billboard signs portraying him as a soldier in uniform, warding off the Tammany tiger with a rifle and bayonet. Now, that appeal to national patriotism might have been in some degree effective in the last few days of the campaign, but it was sprung too early to last, and it has been well met by Hillquit, who frankly came out against war, with the result that Hillquit's strength is growing day by day. New York is full of people opposed to this war and they are by no means all of foreign birth. I know many simon-pure Americans who hate the Kaiser and all his works and are bitterly opposed to the economic doctrines of Socialism, who are, none the less, going to vote for Hillquit because of their resentment at the insinuation that a man cannot vote for any one but Mitchel without proving a traitor to his country, or because of their dislike of the war. On the East Side, where opposition to the war, and to the draft in particular, is quite widespread, it is hard to find any Mitchel voters. At least the chairman of an exemption board in one of the crowded East Side districts tells me that he labored in vain for three days to find men to form a Mitchel committee among those who have been for years under the influence of one of our best social settlements.

There is, moreover, deep resentment of the Mayor's action in breaking up legitimate public meetings held on the streets to protest against the misgovernment of Ireland. His Police Commissioner, Arthur Woods, had laid down the proper policy for handling these and the anti-war meetings, but the Mayor yielded to the demand of our extreme militarists and imperialists, and so we had the spectacle of police cars being driven into the crowds and orators arrested for speeches that were not seditious and were infinitely less hostile to the British Government than those the Mayor used to make before he took office. Again, the threatened suppression by Washington of the Socialist press, particularly of the great Jewish daily *Forward*, with which Abraham Cahan has done so much to aid the working of the melting-pot, has roused many people to believe that the Socialists are being unjustly persecuted and that our free press and liberties are in danger. So there are men daily deciding to forget the city's welfare in order to register their disapproval of Burlesonism at Washington. One of Hillquit's own active supporters, a life-long Republican, is in this class. Thus there exists a widespread feeling of outrage, particularly among the Irish, so that the Hillquit vote will be a vote of protests and dissatisfactions of all kinds and degrees. Should by any chance Hillquit be elected Mayor, as does not seem likely at this writing, the folly of having introduced the war issue will be plain. For then it will be trumpeted abroad that the greatest American city has voted for a man who stood on a straight anti-war platform, who has been accused of being a pro-German, who was denied a passport to Sweden by our State Department, and who has come out for an early peace by negotiation. It would be taken as a direct slap at the President, just as the growth of the Socialist vote in Buffalo from 2½ per cent. of the electorate to 26 per cent. of those who voted in the primary last week for a straight anti-draft candidate is complete proof of the mistake of those who proclaim that the American people are united in this war—as if they had been united in any war in our history.

But whatever his mistakes, it would be impossible to exaggerate the misfortune it would be if Mayor Mitchel should be defeated. For eight years now Tammany has been kept at bay and the city has progressed amazingly along every line. Never before have the interests of the plain people been so considered; never has the city been as well policed, never have its charities been as well administered, or its finances more wisely handled. Its schools have progressed despite all the uproar about the Gary system. Its tenement-house supervision has been beyond criticism, while in the field of prison management it has developed amazingly, thanks largely to Dr. Katharine B. Davis. The Mayor has had a remarkable staff of department heads. They have coöperated with singular good comradeship, with vision, and absolute devotion to the city. It is simply impossible to conceive how great the step backward the city will take should it be turned over to so contemptible a figurehead as John F. Hylan. Upon him the Mayor is now concentrating his fire. It is a misfortune that it was not from the first made clear that the only civic issue is one of honesty against dishonesty, of decency against Tammany Hall, of a progressively good government as against bad government. There ought to be no question as to the answer of the Imperial City.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Baudelaire Fifty Years After

SOME of us remember when Baudelaire died and the abated breath with which our elders spoke of him and all his works. Elect ones of different worlds have talked for him or talked against him at intervals ever since and they have begun again more than ever now that he is fifty years dead. I wonder if his Satanic repute is not still due in large measure to the scandal of the title which he adopted for the only volume of his poems known internationally.

The title—"Fleurs du Mal," "Flowers of Evil"—was not his own. With his persistent inability to make himself known, he proposed calling his book "Spleen and Ideal." One Hippolyte Babou, a discerning friend, rescued his name and fame by finding him a title which, between night and morning, like Byron's waking to find himself famous, became known universally. The European and American world still confounded evil with the Evil One and both with whatever shocked their proprieties. Stevenson had not yet worked out "inappropriate" as an utterable English expression of the French *inconvenant*.

At that time, those of my age were limited in our enjoyment of French literary naughtiness to Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." In the attic room of the school where we who knew little French and less life read furtively those adventures of Colette which made the book for us, the one who knew least was asked when the reading was over how he felt. He replied, easily and atrociously—"Less miserable!" I am sure this expressed the genuine sentiment of those who tried reading Baudelaire's ill-famed poetry. Matthew Arnold was just importing into our minds, for future uneasiness, the name of Philistine.

I can remember hearing but one of the poems really read. It was "La Charogne," "Carrion."

What the thing was which we saw, O my Soul, let me say
—In that liquid summer morning so sweet—
The foul, fermenting carrion at the turning of the way,
With its bed on the stones of the street.

That too shall you be, O my Queen of love and grace,
When the prayers of the dying have been said,
When you lie 'neath the grass in your richly flowered place
And your bones are left to moulder with the dead.

Then, O my Beauty, you shall say these words of mine
To worms that kiss you and eat you away—
That I'm keeping the grace and the essence divine
Of my loves while they waste and decay.

It seemed to me then, and experience of life makes me certain now, that such verse is chiefly proper in the pulpit. I was older when, at Notre Dame of Paris, the Lenten preacher, Père Monsabré, stretched wide the white sleeves of his Dominican gown and assured his Parisian audience—"Everything grows better where a man lies rotting."

To celebrate this fiftieth anniversary of his own death, we are now made to hear unsavory particulars of Baudelaire's poems of "Women damned." These always seemed to me uninteresting subjects, since so many men are damned also. While the poet was alive, so literary a master of fighting journalism as Louis Veillot—perhaps because he was too religious for real criticism—saw in Baudelaire's verses only what the *bourgeois* of Paris, according to Meilhac and Halévy in their "Vie Parisienne," saw in the Maison Dorée, signing themselves with the cross as they passed that Boule-

vard restaurant at night with wife and daughter. "Orgies!" pronounced Veillot. "Champagne and false love!" rectified the more knowing *boulevardiers* (by the way, it was Veillot who invented and gave them their name). Poor Baudelaire was no genuine boulevardier, nor yet a valid Bohemian, though chronically impecunious and contemporaneous with such "extinct mammals," as Stevenson calls other human species of Paris of that time. The poet's choicest laughter was but a rictus of other intoxication; and he makes his confession, in verses newly published at this late date, but originally intended for his "Artificial Paradises":

C'est la réalité qui me semble mensonge!
'Tis Reality that seems to me the Lie!

In lines which he left untouched, he tried to utter his life's secret:

Drunk with passing shadows, man
Ever suffers chastisement
For his will to change his place.

Baudelaire also gives, in a Browning sort of way, a fairly exact notion of his irreligion:

Seize the unbeliever, fist full in his hair,
Shake him and tell him—"The rule thou shalt know!
(I'm your good angel, hark you)—I will it so!"

Byron too, confessed of his native Calvinism: "I hate it—and I can't help believing it!"

In these days of Freudian philosophers:

Obscenique canes importunæque volucres—

it is necessary to ventilate this poet's ill fame if we wish sincerely to know what his influence really has been and what it is likely to be in the poetry of the coming years. Brunetière, who was a *doctrinaire* of literature rather than a critic, showed lack of insight when he accused physically degenerate, morally tortured, socially soured Charles Baudelaire of "setting up debauch and immorality as an example and corrupting the very notion of Art." Maeterlinck, on the contrary, gives him inconceivable importance as "the spiritual leader of his generation."

In reality, reading Baudelaire's poetry fifty years after, I can see in all its outrage and despair only a grievous instance of a smart saying from one of the youths of that time in the *New Republic*: "A cynic is a kind of inverted confessor, perpetually making enemies for the sake of what he knows to be false." Baudelaire was worse than a cynic, but the world was ready to take him for worse yet. In the *New Republic* again, a mock Aristotelian utters this cruel conceit, unbiassed by knowledge: "We shall see the Germans following what is called Thought to its inmost recesses, the French what is called Life. We shall find accordingly that the chief good of the former nation, which is perhaps the highest of all, is the knowledge of the unknowable; whilst that of the latter, which is next to it in dignity, is the practice of the unmentionable." All-enlightening war has shown how preposterous such easy commonplaces are—and of Baudelaire, if not of Byron, all the world is now made to know that his unmentionableness was mainly Stevenson's "inappropriate talk."

Like Byron too, Baudelaire lacked what George Herbert thought so necessary to fence off "cunning bosom sin":

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round,
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws.

Baudelaire's mother had had an English training in the minute proprieties; and the stepfather who brought him up was a distinguished general and ambassador and everywhere a stickler for all the conventionalities—and the boy found life insufferable. Schoolmasters at the Paris college of Louis-le-Grand—not a religious school—finished the job by expelling the eighteen-year-old youth in disgrace, which might have been merited save for condoning surroundings. An ulcerated soul, with false ideals and unattainable, had been let loose in Paris—with little money.

"There is no God," the wicked saith,
 "And truly it's a blessing,
 For what He might have done with us
 It's better only guessing."

That was the idea of Arthur Clough who was better school-mastered than Byron or Baudelaire, or he might have turned like them. "Left to myself, there is no sin I might not commit," said St. Augustine, with a certain proud humility. Charles Baudelaire put his pride in shocking those who read Augustine and left him to himself. Yet he wrote, in the last days, before intelligence sank in disease where the poet could only articulate over and over what is usually an imprecation, yet might be an invocation to the Name that is not to be taken in vain—'*Cré nom! 'Cré nom!*

Soyez béni, mon Dieu qui donnez la souffrance,
 Comme un divin remède à nos impuretés.
 Be blest, my God that givest suffering—
 Healing divine of our impurities.

Somehow, by an inevitable survival, the name and fame of poor Baudelaire remain circumscribed within this spiritual issue. Dante faced it for his Francesca:

La bufera infernal che mai non resta
 Mena gli spirti con la sua rapina.
 —Together
 We go for ever on the accursed air,
 There in the dawnless twilight.

The literary issue is not whether theology sends Baudelaire and his readers properly to Hell—

Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse.

The question is whether Baudelaire's books will inspire the coming generation as they never did—*pace* Maeterlinck—the past. For their inappropriate talk, I think there can be no question. Before the war, young Frenchmen were no longer in the atmosphere which made thin and sensitive the moral epidermis of children like Byron and Baudelaire, born for discontent, not divine and Satanic railing.

The best study of Baudelaire's poetry which this fiftieth anniversary of his death has called forth concerns precisely the situating of his poetry in the Byronic flood ("Baudelaire et la religion du Dandysme," by Ernest Raynaud, in the *Mercur de France*, 16 August). Byron has come into his own again in England; but he always meant to Continental Europe a power which English critics have little known. He was the voice not so much of an age as of a specialized society—and Baudelaire was his echo in the limited, but highly articulate, world of the Paris Boulevard and Bohemia. For Baudelaire was the poet, not always relished, of "dandys"—a name whose spelling should not be brought back to its English original because it has come to have an un-British, anti-Philistine, and anti-*bourgeois* meaning. Gladstone boasted that he was proud to belong to that great middle class which has made England. Guizot who was the

grand old man detested of Baudelaire's youth, said much the same of the French *bourgeois*:

To protest against the platitude of social equality—a society all level and no relief—Baudelaire got to exaggerating so far his notion of aristocratic *dandysme* that he made Satan the *dandy par excellence*—and would no longer "speak of the people except to rail at it." So it is from *dandysme*, that is, from hatred of manners and morals and institutions of the Demos, that Baudelaire affects to rail and blaspheme.

For the coming years of reaction from war—and such a war!—it is hard to foresee either Byron or Baudelaire or *dandys* or their inversion of religion. The *poilus* may not—and then again they may—write the poetry of the near future, but their lassitude and their aspirations to the eating of the Lotos of peace, and the memories of war with which they reek, are not likely to form a public for any recondite, precious, cryptic Muse. After all, Homer is nearer to the music hall than to that Poetry of the Future which, so long announced, is perhaps already and for ever past.

On the other hand, the purely literary influence of Baudelaire will make in the future as in the past for righteousness of form. Symbolism he might have understood, but hardly the *vers libre*. Wagner's allegory (but not his music, which Baudelaire knew and liked), Cubist grammar, and Munich Art generally were beyond him—though he, too, wanted till it was time for him to go. Of his poetry, there will remain that which Paul Claudel remarks—"its odd mixture of the style of Racine and the style of the journalism of his day."

Another and lasting influence of Baudelaire in European literature is too often doubly ignored in English and American criticism. It was he that revealed Edgar Poe's tales to Latin races—whence the short story, with all it implies. The American magazine may have made such a literary evolution inevitable, but in France it came through Poe adequately rendered by Baudelaire. The two were very like—between sane intervals striving after Artificial Paradises. Only Poe had not the torturing conviction of Sin—of which, and not of Vice, Anatole France, who ought to know, says Baudelaire was the poet.

STODDARD DEWEY

Paris, October 1

Columbia University and the Liberties of the Citizen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Those of us who have maintained against fierce criticism the legitimacy of exceptional restraint upon free speech in time of war have a bitter grievance against the trustees of Columbia University. We have an equal grievance against every shrill organ of the press by which the action of the Columbia board has been acclaimed. It is galling to see a principle which one knows to be sound made ridiculous by its stupid misapplication. And any one who has publicly defended a cause must hate to read an hysterical caricature of his own arguments, which is far more subtly destructive to them than a reasoned attack. By way of rescuing common-sense and common justice from these hot-headed champions, let me offer the following remarks:

(1.) We grant that in time of war the usual latitude of discussion may have to be sharply curtailed for every one.

Other personal liberties are invaded as the national need may dictate. And, although this particular liberty has a quite exceptional importance, it is not *all* important. But, if restrictive action is to be used, what authority is entitled to use it? The *State* is entitled to use it, and no other authority whatsoever.

It is open, of course, to any private citizen to give information against offenders. It may well even be his duty to do so. But the limiting of free speech is a war measure, prescribed by war necessity, and at all other times inexpressibly odious. It is one which abundant experience has shown to be fraught with all manner of risk for the sort of civilization which America and Great Britain and France represent to the world. Its employment, if it is to be employed at all, is for that Executive to whom in a multitude of such things we must needs entrust at present extraordinary power, and from whom, unless we mean to be Prussianized, that power must at the first safe opportunity be withdrawn. Were the activities of the two professors reported in the proper quarter? Was it judged, as in the Bertrand Russell case in England, after consideration by those who have the national interest in charge, that high public advantage called for their restraint?

(2.) It is clear that the case was envisaged in no serious way. The defences we hear are the condemnation of those who put them forward. We learn that it was judged inexpedient to have such teachers as Professor Cattell and Professor Dana in charge of the education of American youth! The board looked upon the point as one between themselves and their employees, and are in amazement that any one should doubt their right to do what they will with their own. That the thing upon which they have laid their hand is not "their own," that they are trustees and not proprietors, and that the interest of which they are such singular guardians is a university, with all that the word ought to mean unless it is to be synonymous with private school, have never entered into their field of vision.

Into the behavior of the dismissed professors it is wholly needless to inquire. This article is written in a complete and a studiously preserved ignorance of what they said or did. It is enough to know that they were removed for expressing opinions which *in the judgment of the board* were deficient in patriotism, and that there is no suggestion either of incompetence in their work as teachers, or of abusing their office to carry out any sort of propaganda among their students. Now a university board is not the Executive Government and, if it so mistakes its function, it is exactly similar in kind to a mob which beats an unpopular speaker.

(3.) Unfortunately for the authorities of Columbia, but very fortunately indeed for the public's enlightenment on this whole subject, there have been numerous cases of analogous action in other American institutions, where the specious plea of patriotism cannot be put forward. If half of what is being alleged in the newspapers about the management of this particular university in the past should turn out to be well founded, the plea of public spirit in this instance should be received with a smile. And it is well known that in many a college an economist, for example, has to be carefully on his guard, to keep one eye on what he takes to be economic truth and another eye—a little more vigilant—upon the tastes of a plutocratic trustee. He may quickly hear that a bimetallist is not in the least the type of man whom American students can learn from with safety to their souls, and that "in fair-

ness to our youth" some one on a moral plane to which bimetallism is anathema must be chosen in his stead.

(4.) What, then, is the conception of a university that we have in view? Is it a place for the employment of a staff which will promulgate on social matters the opinion of the trustees, or at least of the wealthier among them? Such teachers can, no doubt, be found. Or is the purpose pitched a little more restrainedly? Is it enough that professors shall take care to be dumb on matters where they disagree with the prevailing social sentiment? This can be obtained with still greater ease, and the available teachers will be a shade less contemptible. But the institution will not be a university, except *pour rire*; and as every one knows it is a university *pour rire* which such methods have in various States produced. The reason is plain. Men capable of making a university respected are not of the stuff which will work on these terms. Those who will so work are, as a rule, poor incompetents, who know that in the economic struggle of business or of the professions they would be a failure, and who are content, often for wages below those of a chauffeur, to show the requisite docility towards those who have "hired" them.

(5.) The present writer is no doubt prejudiced in favor of British practice, but if he may say so without offence in an American magazine this is a matter in which the British example specially shines. We speak with justifiable disgust of the professorial subservience in the universities of Germany. Only men drilled and regimented from the primary school up could combine with the eminence of von Harnack or Adolf Lasson such slavish responsiveness to material power. Do we want to reproduce such a system? Do we want to quench all intellectual originality? It can be done by a plutocratic, commercialized management. But, thank God, it is not done in England, or in the British dominions. A university there is not "a business proposition"; it is a centre of learning, with the free atmosphere in which alone learning can thrive. Mr. Bertrand Russell had sinned very deeply indeed against the patriotic feelings of his country. But no step was taken against him by his College until he had been actually convicted by the courts under the Defence of the Realm Act. Even then there were abundant protests from some of the most eminent of Englishmen, so keen is British jealousy for freedom of speech though the speech be bad. Prof. Gilbert Murray was among the protesters. He is not less enthusiastic for the Allied cause than is the Columbia board, but perhaps he is a little better apprised of the conditions by which the fame and the effectiveness of a seat of learning are to be sustained. And in view of the inevitable insinuation that those who condemn such interference by college authorities are lukewarm towards the war, it is worth noticing that letter after letter condemning Mr. Russell's dismissal came from naval men on leave from a ship in the North Sea, or from lieutenants in the front trench in Flanders.

(6.) It will no doubt be said that repressive action of an equally illegitimate sort is being initiated by State authorities. Upon this an outsider can offer no criticism. If the State Defence Council of Minnesota is plainly abusing its rights, cannot the Council be changed? But that such discretionary power must be vested in some executive is not disproved though a particular executive employs it foolishly or tyrannically.

HERBERT L. STEWART

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Correspondence

THE "OPPOSITION" OF MR. ROOSEVELT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So much is being made of Senator La Follette's opposition to the war that the more vital division of opinion as to the uses to which American victory, when achieved, shall be put is in the way of being overlooked. There is little likelihood that any stop-the-war movement will be able to gain head before that victory has been achieved. There is, however, considerable likelihood that when the moment to formulate terms of peace arrives the advocates of what may be styled a "liberal" peace will find that a large section of the public mind has been hardened against their proposals as a result of activities rather less conspicuous but far more effective than those of the Senator from Wisconsin. It will be unfortunate if the moulding of public opinion against liberal ideas goes on unopposed because of distractions caused by the so-called seditious propaganda of a few should reckon important.

Theodore Roosevelt, with that unerring instinct which leads him to espouse what Woodrow Wilson opposes and to oppose what the President espouses, has already assumed the leadership of the only opposition which the Administration should reckon important.

Mr. Wilson has stated as one of the principal aims of this country that "the world must be made safe for democracy." Mr. Roosevelt has said more than once, but notably at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, on September 30, that "we did not go to war to make democracy safe." Mr. Wilson has stated that "we have gone into it with no special grievance of our own." At Johnstown Mr. Roosevelt directly challenged this: "And we did go to war because we have a special grievance. We went to war because after two years during which," and so forth. Looking to the future the President, on January 22, announced that "only a peace between equals can last; only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit." In his war speech he specifically renewed his adherence to this principle, and in his reply to the Pope he invited the German people to accept equality in the peace which shall follow this war. "They [responsible statesmen] believe that peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of governments—the rights of peoples great or small, weak or powerful—their equal right to freedom and security and self-government and to a participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world—the German people, of course, included, if they will accept equality and not seek domination." Mr. Roosevelt with considerable violence repudiates a peace of equality. At New York on October 5 he seemed to place the President among the "enemies of mankind," for he declared: "We should make it clearly understood that the conduct of Germany has been such that we regard as the enemies of mankind all people who would strive to bring about peace based upon treating Germany, Austria, and Turkey on the one hand and the Allies on the other as standing upon a footing of equality." The President has plainly declared the dismemberment of empires "no proper basis for a peace of any kind, least of all for an enduring peace." In Mr. Roosevelt's October 5 speech we find the specific declaration that "the only peace that will make the world safe for democracy is a peace based upon

the complete overthrow of Germany and the dissolution of Austria and Turkey," followed by a detailed exposition of the manner in which that dissolution should be worked out. The President at the very beginning stated: "We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship." But Mr. Roosevelt has put himself in the very forefront of that numerous body who stimulate the war spirit by exacerbating American feeling towards Germans.

This is enough to show how complete is the antithesis; how opposed to the President's attitude towards the war is Mr. Roosevelt's. The central point of the President's policy is the gaining of an enduring peace founded upon the equality of nations and buttressed by the organization of some sort of international democratic society of nations. He is indifferent to that punishing of Germany which Mr. Roosevelt, trusting to the deterrent power of punishment, would make the primary goal of national endeavor. The "peace of overwhelming victory," which Mr. Roosevelt proclaims essential, the President does not regard as one likely to endure. Mr. Roosevelt will be satisfied if together with the overthrow of Germany the United States gains some sort of acknowledgment by European nations of its hegemony in the Caribbean. Mr. Roosevelt looks forward with satisfaction to a "peace" in which the United States shall remain armed to the teeth. The President will accept such a peace only as the price of failure.

Mr. Roosevelt's recent tour has served to bring his position before the country. His leadership is affording a rallying place to those who are out of sympathy with Wilson's policy. His speeches are furnishing "talking points" to those in whom partisan and personal dislike of the President is strong. And while so much has been said of the evil effect in Russia of Mr. La Follette's speeches it may not be out of order to suggest that the effect upon German public opinion of the statement of American aims by Mr. Roosevelt (a far more important personage than Mr. La Follette) is almost certain to be to narrow the breach between the German people and the German autocracy, an effect rather more disastrous to American success in the war than anything it is possible to imagine Mr. La Follette accomplishing.

Woodrow Wilson's conception of American purpose in the war is one requiring the exercise of some degree of imagination on the part of the people before it can obtain acceptance. It involves very radical departures from American practice. It necessitates the surrender of certain attributes of American national independence. It could never win support at all if it were not for the magnitude of the disaster which nationalism has inflicted upon the world. To seek its fulfilment constitutes high adventure. With Mr. Roosevelt in the field against it, the friends of an "enduring" peace, a liberal peace, a peace of equality, a peace of a world made safe for democracy through democratic world organization—the friends of such a peace had better bestir themselves. The time which is now being wasted in pillorying the ineffective pacifists should be devoted to popularizing an idea which must win its way to acceptance against prejudice and conservatism and the inertia of long habit. Those who rail against the opponents of the war may indeed be playing the game of the opposition to making the war an instrument of liberal progress. For much of the opposition to the war comes from those doubting Thomases who cannot conceive of war as such an instrument but whose support of a liberal

peace may yet prove valuable, provided they are not destroyed by prejudice and intolerance in the meantime. Mr. Roosevelt's, not Mr. La Follette's, is the opposition which liberals should set themselves to meet and overcome.

EDWARD B. HULL

Pittsfield, Mass., October 18

WAR AND DEMOCRACY—A FRENCH VIEW

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In dealing with such a subject my intention is, not to introduce any new solution of my own, but to try to sum up the essential elements in the outlook of the ordinary Frenchman of our times. I shall try to give the view of the young man who has been in the war, for he will be the most active and influential factor in the future.

He went to war, it is clear, because France was invaded. But what does "defending France" mean? It is not only fighting for a country, a flag, a surface of land, a tradition, although these things seem to many worth fighting for. Will the reader agree if I say that it means perhaps, too, defending the land of free invention, discussion, and experiment for social progress; a living laboratory where new principles were tried (at our own expense) before being spread over the world? Perhaps we did not go to war because of that. But still we fought because we loved France, and we loved France because she meant that.

In my country, before this crisis, everything was far from being perfect. As a nation we had no aggressive plan at all. There had been a bitter injustice committed upon us, in 1871, when Germany deprived us of Alsace-Lorraine, and we kept the hope that this would be readjusted some time. But few expected that readjustment from a war, since war had proved to mean injustice. And we believed that other peoples had the same attitude towards war. We came to lose the belief in the possibility of war itself. The generation which followed '71, and which preceded mine, proved to be comparatively indifferent to the various foreign problems which did not concern France immediately, because they believed that France could not be involved against her will in an armed conflict. Then came the experience of our generation, from 1904 to 1914—the awakening to danger, and to the great modern fact that now everybody is concerned with everything that happens in the world.

In 1904-5 came the Russo-Japanese war. Most of us did not feel that we were strongly affected by it. Still we were. The following year, our Russian ally being weaker, Germany began her aggressive policy in the Moroccan question; then she provoked brutal incidents in Alsace. In 1908 came the annexation of Bosnia by Austria, against the will of the Servian population. And this was the direct source of the Balkan troubles and of the European war. I was serving as a soldier at that time, and I remember my comrades asking me to explain what was the connection between that remote province and their possible going to battle against the Prussians! Many of them did not believe that such a connection existed. Even during the Balkan war of 1912, many people said in France: "Let those people fight if they want to, we have nothing to do with Servian aspirations!" Still, Servian national aspirations meant the end of German ambitions in "Mitteleuropa"; and in 1914, in order to crush Servian aspirations, Austria and Germany went to war . . . against us. So there *was* a connection. . . .

My deep conviction is that the peril could have been checked in 1913 in the Balkans, if we all had had sufficient information. That is why I believe that the ignorance and indifference of the world is the greatest, worst enemy of mankind and of peace. And, above all, this war has to wipe out international ignorance.

Now, what is the present feeling of the Frenchman who has "seen it through"? I dare say that there is *one* idea that dominates all others. And it dominates them from such a height that one could say it is not the principal idea of our men, but the only one: *This war has to be the last one.*

Everybody is awake to that. And if you ask, not even the cultivated man, but any of our "bonhommes" in any trench of the front, he will tell you sternly, simply: "*We do this, and we remain here, and we shall remain to the end, so that our children won't have to do it again.*"

How is that to happen? We cannot yet outline the exact details, but we believe it will happen through a certain common interpretation of democracy; and that is why we believe in democracy, not as a dream, but as a mighty reality, whose first effect will be to prevent the return of world calamities like this.

I say a common interpretation of democracy. And, indeed, if something like a league of nations, a common work for common purpose, is to be brought about, it can be only through a common interpretation of the term which we are now using as a watchword. That term, and all the various notions that it involves, have to be carefully defined, again and again, in all the allied countries. The more we can express in common now, the easier the task will be at the end of the war, the further we shall be able to carry our first common results.

Now let me tell, on my own responsibility, what I mean by democracy, I being independent of political parties, and having observed a little, in various countries of our Western World and of the Near East, during this crisis:

Democracy is a name for a common basis; it is the ground on which every personal, independent, original life can be erected. It is not an end in itself, as the German conception of the State or the Roman conception of the Empire was. It is a beginning. It is not a ceiling. It is a floor; the main floor, for all human undertakings to be built upon. It is not a limitation to individuality, it is a protection for it.

And if I may express my full thought: As a Frenchman and as a writer, if I stand for democracy it is because it offers the safest and most acceptable and loyal basis for individualism. By individualism I don't mean egoism and selfish aims: the highest aim for individual life is probably self-sacrifice. But it has to be voluntary sacrifice. Sacrifice to what you choose, and love, and want to serve. It is not a mechanical, artificial state which has been imposed upon you, and in which everything is provided, except the possibility of your own choice, or right to a choice.

It has been objected that in order to fight we had to Prussianize ourselves. But our hearts have not lost so quickly their love of liberty. We had rather get apparently Prussianized for a time than to get Prussianized for ever, and the world with us, by permitting the Prussian victory.

I hope that I am as far as possible from being paradoxical. Democracy is a matter of common-sense, as much as

art and private life are matters of personal sense. Things have to be made clear, and I suppose they are, in the mind of a great number, and of most of the fighting men, and only need to be formulated, as they scarcely begin to be.

I read in the papers that when General Pershing landed at Boulogne, General Dumas, who is not a diplomat nor a theorist, but the commander of our Northern region, said to him: "Your coming opens a new era in the history of the world. The United States of America is now taking its part with the United States of Europe. Together they are about to found the United States of the World, which will definitely and finally end the war and give a peace which will be enduring and fruitful for humanity."

This expresses, I think, the belief of our ordinary Frenchman. And why should that hope prove to be vain? It is reasonable, on the contrary, since it expresses the will of the overwhelming majority in a matter where the majority will have to decide.

Our feeling is that this war, begun as an isolated attempt for conquest, will end in a general coöperation for the maintenance of order.

PIERRE DE LANUX

New York, October 15

BOOKS

Washington's Aide

Life and Times of David Humphreys, Soldier, Statesman, Poet. By Frank Landon Humphreys. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. \$7.50.

IN the preface to this memorial work Mr. Humphreys complains of those authors who, for lack of original research, have not known and spoken of the proper merit of the man whom John Trumbull called "belov'd of Washington." The new biography is indeed content to rely somewhat largely upon Marshall's and Irving's lives of Washington and Lossing's "Field Book of the American Revolution" for the main outlines of the earlier chapters, but by its considerable use of local histories and its reproduction of many letters from Humphreys which had remained untouched in the Archives of the State Department and elsewhere it succeeds in casting not a little light upon a figure that was growing very dim. There is partiality in the picture: Mr. Humphreys appears to be still a Federalist; he dislikes Jefferson, who recalled Colonel Humphreys from his post at Madrid; he scolds Yale for neglecting certain Humphreys relics; he does not qualify his assertions that Humphreys was "the most finished scholar among Washington's aides" and "the best diplomatist which [*sic*] the first President of the United States had in his service." There are, too, frequent inaccuracies of detail. Cotton Mather is credited with a "Magnolia" and Joel Barlow with a "Columbia" (doubtless only by misprints); *Post est opportunitas calva* is rendered "The future is a bare chance." Can it be in malice that Jefferson is made in one of his letters, herein quoted, to ask for "La historis del arimante D. Christoval Colomb"? The book contains such sentences as: "The crushing defeat of Gen. Gates, a congressional appointment without consultation with Washington, at Camden, South Carolina, on August 16, 1780, by Lord Cornwallis showed that body its error." Humphreys's play "The Yankey in England" (1815), according to this authority, first gave the world

the stage Yankee, that homely personage who had appeared as early as 1787 in Royall Tyler's "Contrast."

It is to be regretted that the life of Humphreys could not have been told more crisply and compactly—to be regretted because he was a man worth a small, sure place in the national memory. A poet called to battle, like John Hay nearly a century later, Humphreys, who became Washington's aide, was stirred, as was Hay, to a noble veneration for his great master which moulded his character and shaped all his later life. Like Hay also, Humphreys wanted to write a fit biography of his chief, and got permission from Washington himself, who offered to open his records to him. This plan came to nothing, however, and Humphreys sang Washington's praises only in verse now forgotten. Of the verse there is little to say except that it utters, in language which is immensely rhetorical, emotions which are—or were—immensely sincere, the ardent expectations of the Revolutionary generation. Historically it is interesting that Humphreys seems to have been the earliest American writer of sonnets. He believed, likewise, that in his life of Israel Putnam (1788) he was producing "the first effort in Biography that has been made on this continent." Though he was as wrong in his belief as he was highfalutin in his book, he founded an heroic legend which still refuses to die.

This literary initiative is but symptomatic of the whole man, who was born for action. His biographer perhaps tends to claim for Humphreys the authorship of various plans and documents not always certainly his, but there can be no doubt that he was a good military secretary. Washington dispatched him to Congress with the captured standards of Cornwallis, a most honorable errand; after the close of the War the General warmly recommended his former aide to the attention of Congress, which sent him to Europe as Secretary to the Commission for negotiating treaties with foreign powers. Competent and popular abroad, he came back to the higher honor of being made an inmate of Washington's household at Mount Vernon and of attending the new President through the perplexities of his inauguration. Washington first appointed Humphreys one of the Commissioners to the Creek Indians and then used him as special secret agent in Europe, whence he wrote back reports full of shrewd observation and notably free from provincialism. In 1791 he was made Minister Resident at the Court of Portugal, the first foreign Minister, not counting *chargés*, appointed under the Constitution. He spent two successful years at Lisbon. After three more years as Commissioner for Algerine affairs, which he handled with vigor, he became Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid. Recalled by Jefferson in 1801, Humphreys gave up his diplomatic career, which had been eminently tactful and unswervingly republican, and turned to "Industry," the importance of which he had elaborately expounded in verse while at Lisbon. He imported the first flock of merino sheep ever brought to the United States—or, as Trumbull put it,

Ere age advanc'd, back to that land he bore
The fleecy treasures of Iberia's shore—

a service for which he was awarded a medal by the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture. He built the first important woollen mill in the country at what came to be called Humphreysville (now Seymour), Connecticut, and there founded an industrial village which by its care for the well-being of its employees helped teach

New England how to avoid the worst features of the English factory system. There was woven the coat of "doubled milled Casemer made of the pure Merinos" which Jefferson wore at his New Year's reception in 1809 for the encouragement of native manufactures. During the War of 1812, which Humphreys, a good Federalist, opposed, he nevertheless gave himself freely to plans for the defence of Connecticut, became indeed Brigadier-General of the "Veteran Volunteers" of the State, and represented his town in the Legislature. His last days were full of projects: he founded the Connecticut Agricultural Society and served as its first president; he investigated the "sea serpent" rumors of 1817.

There is, in this varied and useful career, much that is typical of the lives men led in our heroic age. Perhaps for that reason the biographer has yielded to the temptation to be at times, out of the wealth of his material, a little superfluous in his account of well-known events, merely because Humphreys took part in them. Now and then the Colonel seems half lost in the midst of large affairs which, after all, he did not command. For not as soldier, diplomatist, poet, nor manufacturer was he a genius. The most striking thing about him is the readiness with which he adapted himself to new tasks. This was his gift, but it was his fortune, too, that he lived in a society so open to talent that, without fortune or influence to begin with, he could win both (including a rich wife) by honest sense and virtue. To all outward appearances his career was easy. He might sigh as a poet, but as a citizen he kept his head and heart well in hand. In spite of the attempt of his biographer to make him out a hero, Humphreys is most interesting as a representative man who deserved either a shorter or a more vivid biography than has fallen to his lot. "To sum all titles to respect in one," as Trumbull did for Humphreys, his special glory is the affection in which Washington undoubtedly held him. It was Humphreys's pride while he lived, and it distinguishes him still.

Marvels to Measure

The Wonder. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Coming. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

The Terror. By Arthur Machen. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.

IN a recent number of the *Yale Review* was an entertainingly irresponsible paper by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, with some such title as "British Novelists, Ltd." The performance was, in fact, in the best manner of the current British skit-writer, or literary skitterer. Its target was an alleged uniformity of style and substance in the work of the best-praised younger Britons of this period. Almost any one of them, complains Mrs. Gerould, might have written any novel by any other of them. Undeniably, there is strong family likeness: as witness three recent stories, "The Wonder," by J. D. Beresford, "The Coming," by J. C. Snaith, and "The Terror," by Arthur Machen. The similarity begins with their titles; but every season has its mechanical fashions in titles. More remarkable are their points of resemblance in style and substance. In each instance we are confronted with a portent, some phenomenon beyond the range

of ordinary human experience, by the use of a humdrum setting and a brisk and matter-of-fact style—a reporter's style. The method goes back, of course, to Defoe and the beginnings of the English novel: Mr. Wells has brought it to date. The *Wonder* of Mr. Beresford's tale is an intellectual prodigy, the intellectual prodigy of all time. Its father is a great professional cricketer who has been disabled at the top of his career. He marries for the purpose of begetting a son who, under his training, shall become the greatest bowler in the world. He impresses it upon the mother that their coming child must have no bias of mind or character, must be clay to his hand. She determines that it shall come true, and it does, but in an almost unthinkable way; for the boy with the appearance of an idiot is all mind—is mind, an absolute intelligence which grasps and sorts all human records and phenomena at sight. At the age of five he has mastered the wisdom of this world and dismissed it as worthless. But the world has no place for him. Though he confounds the learned doctors, they cannot grasp his philosophy, and he is feared and hated by a belittled race. His death at the hands of an idiot puts a fitting end to the unendurable situation. The moral is phrased by the one mortal who has gained an inkling of the meaning of the portent: "We are still mercifully surrounded with the countless mysteries of every-day experience, all the evidences of the unimaginable stimulus we call life. Would you take them away? Would you resolve life into a disease of the ether—a disease of which you and I, all life and all matter, are symptoms? . . . The day will come, perhaps, when humanity shall have grown and will have to take upon itself the heavy burden of knowledge. . . . Meanwhile leave us our childish fancies, our little imaginings, our hope—children that we are—of those impossible mysteries beyond the hills."

The idea in "The Coming" is less novel, since the Christ in modern dress has become almost a stock figure with our novelists and playwrights. What would Christ do in wartime England? is Mr. Snaith's question. His John Smith is the local puzzle of a little village community. His life is blameless enough but for his failure to conform to the standards of established patriotism and religion. He does not go to war and is therefore branded as a slacker, does not go to church and is therefore an unbeliever. Especially is he a disconcerting presence in the eyes of the correct and rigid vicar of Penfold, since he dares to practice a gospel which ought only to be preached. When, therefore, he goes so far as to confess his belief in his own prophetic function, the vicar has him clapped into an asylum for the insane. Here John Smith gains a remarkable ascendancy over his fellow-inmates, and (this part of the book seems merely fantastic and absurd) organizes a sort of debating society of the immortals, in which Plato and Aristotle and Goethe and Spinoza and others of the great departed discourse together, through lunatic mouths, the Christ who is John Smith having always the last word. But this does not end the matter, for John Smith writes a great play, which a great Jewish-American manager is marvellously impelled to produce in New York (the British censor of plays having refused it), and which is presently to find a hearing the world around, to end war, and to bring in the millennium. Unluckily for the effect of the story, it is too patently ingenious. This is not a theme for cleverness. It is a theme of unfathomed possibilities, but one thing, at least, is clear: they will never be realized, or approach realization, by such means as Mr.

Snaith has at his command. It is hard to say whether the thing that most grates upon us in this book (with its unimpeachable moral) is its ingenious fancy or its niggling "realistic" detail.

"The Terror" is also a fantasy of the Great War. Again the scene of our portent is laid in the rural byways of England, for the most part in a remote and sparsely peopled county of Wales. This, however, is merely the fore-scene, since we are to understand that much the same kind of thing is happening everywhere in Great Britain—a series of terrifying incidents, which are carefully concealed by the authorities, but, we are told, are actually responsible for the long inaction of the British forces on the Western front during the first two years of the war. Thus artfully does the story-teller establish his fiction upon an indubitable fact, fresh in every reader's mind. The British were inactive; we all wondered why at the time, and here, says our deponent, with his crisp reporter's air, is the answer. Death was visiting England, death by mysterious agencies, slaying the workers in munitions factories, bringing down aeroplanes without the firing of a shot—more frightful still, waylaying solitary travellers, laborers in remote fields, cottagers gathering to their supper in the dusk of quiet lanes. So in the Welsh district of Meirion. A child gathering flowers on her familiar cliff vanishes forever; a woman is found dead at the bottom of an old quarry, with a dead sheep beside her; a laborer and his son are found smothered in the slime of a marsh; a whole family of cottagers are found battered to death in the road before their cottage: and so on. In the end the reader's suspicions, which have been gradually aroused and slowly strengthened, are focused and confirmed. The Terror has been nothing less than a mute and universal uprising of the brute creation against the human. Rats, horses, sheep, even pigeons and moths, in their consent of malice or their dreadful numbers, have turned against their natural masters and threatened their very existence. And the British Government, in desperate doubt of the causes, has sternly repressed the publication of the facts. Suddenly, after nearly two years, the Terror ends. But why has it been? By a sort of contagion of hate, which has spread from warring man to the animal world? Or as a sort of flouting of the fallen creature man? The chronicler inclines to the latter opinion, that "the subjects revolted because the king abdicated"; that man's dominance of the animal kingdom had rested on his spiritual quality, and that as long as he maintained that quality, "between him and the animals there was a certain treaty and alliance"; but that having cast away his birthright, he ceased to be a king and became "a sham, an impostor, a thing to be destroyed." In short, the war, as revealer of man's fallibility, has made his world unsafe for him. As for this visitation, it has ceased, but only, we gather, as a first trial of the lower brute against the higher: "They have risen once," concludes the chronicler, "they may rise again."

The Idea of God

The Idea of God in the Light of Recent Philosophy. The Gifford Lectures for 1912 and 1913. By A. Seth Pringle-Pattison. Oxford University Press. \$3.50 net.

THE author tells us in the preface that the choice of a title for this book caused him some difficulty, but the reader will feel that he hit upon an uncommonly good one.

For the nature of the book is very exactly indicated by its title. No attempt, to be sure, has been made to give an exhaustive exposition of the opinions of the philosophers, and the exposition which one finds is by no means systematic, but by the time the reader turns the last page he finds that he has been presented with the theological views of most important philosophers from Hume and Kant to Bergson and Bosanquet. As those acquainted with the works of Andrew Seth will anticipate, moreover, Professor Pringle-Pattison under his more recent *alias* treats the various philosophical positions which he touches, whether ancient or modern, with a ripe but unostentatious scholarship and a critical grasp which make his pages a delight. Plato and Spencer, Augustine and Comte, Aristotle and James, Descartes, Locke, and Dr. McTaggart figure in his pages with many another thinker, as old friends whom the author has known intimately through the years.

These various philosophical views, however, as we are told in the preface, are expounded not for their own sakes, but "as a means of illuminating, either by affinity or by force of contrast, the constructive position which is gradually built up in the course of the lectures. In short, although it consists largely of criticism, the interest of the book is neither critical nor historical, but constructive throughout." The view of the universe which the author thus seeks to enforce is a type of absolute idealism—at least he thus designates it, though if the name were worth quarrelling over one might question whether it be really absolutist or idealist in any common acceptance of those terms. We must start with "appearances," the author maintains, and build up our view of reality from them by means of a careful use of analogy. But all the appearances, all the facts, must be taken into consideration, and most of all those which inevitably seem to us most important. In other words, the concept of *value* must largely determine our answer to the question how far a given fact is representative of reality as a whole. It is the mistake of the "lower naturalism" that it isolates the lower forms of the reality we know and insists upon interpreting all the rest in the light of them. This is as faulty a method as was that of the old "argument from design" which interpreted everything from the point of view of the last terms of the time series. The true method takes the process as a whole, and forms from it alone its conclusion as to reality, giving to the successive stages of increasing value greater and greater representative importance. "It has been the fundamental contention of these lectures that the isolation or substantiation of the earlier stages of a time of process is a radical error in philosophy. Continuity of process is not inconsistent with the emergence of qualitative differences; we pass from one plane of experience to another. But the whole process wears the appearance of a progressive revelation." The reality immanent within this process is, of course, the Absolute. This Absolute, however, is not to be interpreted in pantheistic fashion as just a name for all that is. The principle of value prevents that. We must interpret the Absolute in the light of the highest that we know. "The universe is to be thought of, in the last resort, as an Experience and not as an abstract content—as experience not limited to the intermittent and fragmentary glimpses of this and the other finite consciousness, but resuming the whole life of the world in a fashion which is necessarily comprehensive save by the Absolute itself."

The argument in support of this view will naturally be rejected by those who refuse to regard human valuation as necessarily representative of cosmic reality. It must, in fact, be said that the author's defence of the ontological and cosmological arguments is hardly more than an affirmation of the will to believe; while his attitude towards the objectivity of æsthetic qualities comes dangerously near to the pathetic fallacy. Inability to prove the existence of God without appeal to voluntary or emotional considerations, however, is no very serious shortcoming, and the chief criticism upon Professor Pringle-Pattison's work is rather the vagueness with which he almost invariably expounds his position. On the majority of the issues of contemporary philosophical controversy relevant to his subject it is well-nigh impossible to say exactly what his position is. He calls himself an idealist, but rejects (with admirable criticism) both Berkeleyan subjectivism (which he calls "mentalism"), pan-psychism, and every form of Absolutism which would make of the world merely the Absolute's dream. The primary and also the secondary qualities are perfectly real. So also (and in the same sense) are "beauty and sublimity." "The physiological process through which knowledge is attained does not invalidate the result [*why*, we are not told]. There is no explanation possible of the evolution of the sense-organs unless we assume the reality of the new features of the world to which their evolution introduces us. The organism is developed and its powers perfected as an instrument of Nature's purpose of self-revelation." If this means, as it seems to do, that Nature developed us for the purpose of her "self-revelation" in secondary and æsthetic qualities, the implication plainly is that these qualities come into being only with our perceptions. Yet this seems to be distinctly denied. So it is with all the crucial questions at issue between contemporary realism and idealism; no definite position is taken, but the issue is carefully clogged and hidden behind a veil of vague words. The same method is pursued in dealing with the existence of evil and with the relation of the individual to the Absolute. Many of the difficulties of the position are admirably stated—largely in quotation from various critics—and certain proposed solutions are expounded only to be rejected. But the author's own solution never comes to any sharp statement, and in proposing it he never grapples directly with the real difficulties involved.

In spite of these shortcomings Professor Pringle-Pattison's book will be of considerable value to all interested in the perennial problem of the Divine and the human. Its importance lies, not in its contribution to constructive thought, but in the survey and critique which it presents of the idea of God in the light of recent philosophy.

Ways of Reading Shakespeare

Notes on Shakespeare's Workmanship. From Lectures by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2 net.

WHEN a writer who has made a name for himself in creative literature turns to the rôle of critic, his work is, at least, likely to possess the quality of freshness and to exhibit some novelty in the selection of the line of approach. A few years ago Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch joined the professional ranks in accepting the King Edward VII chair of English Literature at Cambridge University,

but he still retains a freedom of outlook and an instinct for the unconventional handling of his theme which are the natural gifts of the artist, and so when, in the form of these lectures delivered at Cambridge, he comes to add another to the many books that have been written about Shakespeare, the result has an unmistakable charm, which is largely the charm of the author's own personality.

The purpose of the volume, according to Sir Arthur's own modest claim, is "less to give information about Shakespeare than to suggest ways of reading him by which we can increase for ourselves our profit and delight." He has fulfilled this purpose in a notable measure—only we believe that this "information," which is supplied by his more prosaic predecessors, has often a greater importance for the understanding even of the dramatist's workmanship than the author allows. For, like most of his English confrères, Sir Arthur has, it seems, a disdain for the study of sources, and of the influence of contemporary methods of art, etc., on which we are wont, perhaps, on this side of the ocean to lay undue emphasis. As a matter of fact, however, the nature of Shakespeare's source must always be a prime factor in the study of his plot-construction, since, in common with the other Elizabethan dramatists, his first object was to interest his audience by a story. This is truer, of course, of the first and last periods than of the middle period, when his dramatic genius was at its zenith, but even then this element had obviously a greater importance than in the drama of the present day. In confirmation of the point we are making, we note that Sir Arthur himself has to acknowledge that in the "Merchant of Venice" Shakespeare "started with his hands tied" by his source (the lost play to which Gosson alludes), which combined the two incredible stories of the pound of flesh and the caskets. One may remark, too, in passing, that the choice of such a source is in itself significant—for why should the dramatist select as the basis of his plot a tale which raised for him at once the problem of how to distract our attention from its monstrous absurdity? Granting all the writer says as to Shakespeare's skill in solving this problem in such a manner as to win for his play the interest of succeeding generations, it is manifest that he chose this particular story because he knew that its very fairy-tale extravagance would delight an Elizabethan audience.

Leaving aside such matters, however, there can be no question that our author has adopted what is likely to be the most fruitful method of approach, when he tries to put himself at the point of view of the writer of the plays and to follow him through the successive acts of creation by which the individual play is developed—in other words, as he says, to explain "how the thing is done." No such attempt, to be sure, will ever lay bare exactly the actual creative processes in an author's mind, but Sir Arthur proceeds in the application of his method with such vivacity and penetrative insight that in the case of a play like "Midsummer Night's Dream" we may say of the result as Cowley said of Hobbes's endeavor in the "Leviathan" to explain the order of the world: "'Tis so like truth 'twill serve our turn as well." The most elaborate of these efforts to snatch from Shakespeare the secrets of his workmanship are to be found in the earlier chapters of the book, viz.: those that deal with "Macbeth," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the "Merchant of Venice," respectively. After these come the lectures on "As You Like It," Falstaff and Hamlet, and finally seven lectures on the work of Shake-

speare's last period. There is no decline of interest in these later chapters, but the method which we have indicated above is here less strictly adhered to.

In the author's discussion of these many-sided masterpieces there is, of course, a great deal that will provoke dissent. We do not believe, for instance, that Falstaff has anything to do with the Interludes any more than we believe in Sir Arthur's proposed etymological definition of the word "Interlude" itself, viz., "a play of a sort commonly presented indoors, in banqueting halls, in the *interval* between the theatrical seasons—that is, during the winter." On the other hand, we are convinced that the character has a great deal to do with the Miles Gloriosus tradition of Plautus and Renaissance neo-classical comedy, which the author does not mention, and we would recommend for his reading Professor Stoll's recent investigation of these matters. The assertion, furthermore, that there is no mystery in Hamlet's character is a hard saying to digest. We prefer, however, to direct the attention of our readers to the fine critical analysis of "Macbeth" with its admirable observations on the effect of the knocking at the gate in the dramatic economy of the play (not superfluous even after De Quincey) and of the "flattening" in the same play of the virtuous character to throw the terrible protagonist into more striking relief—still further, of the skill with which the power that resides in witchcraft is kept vague in order that its operation on Macbeth's soul may be the more subtle. It is a new, and, we believe, true, observation, also, that in Falstaff Shakespeare was the first to set up a permanent artistic principle in the treatment of history by fiction—namely, the principle that in an historical drama or novel the best characters to develop "are not those concerning whose sayings or doings you are circumscribed by known fact and documentary evidence." We might point, moreover, to the fine defence of Shakespeare's last plays in regard to the extravagant elements in their plots on the ground that there is a truth of imagination and emotion as well as of fact. We will not proceed, however, with the enumeration of the many passages of stimulating criticism which the volume contains. Suffice it to say that the author has given us a delightful book on Shakespeare—no easy thing to do at this time of day.

Notes

THE following volumes are announced by George H. Doran Co., for publication in the near future: "His Last Bow," by Sherlock Holmes; "The Major," by Ralph Connor.

"Apron Strings," by Eleanor Gates, is announced for publication on October 25 by Sully & Kleinteich.

Announcement is made by Doubleday, Page & Co. of the forthcoming publication of "Baree, Son of Kazan," by James Oliver Curwood; "Children's Book of Patriotic Stories," by H. W. and A. D. Dickinson.

Among the November publications announced by Little, Brown & Co. are "The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," being reminiscences and letters of Catherine Breshkovsky, edited by Alice Stone Blackwell; "The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale," by Edward Everett Hale, jr.

"All in It," by Captain Beith, is announced for publication November 3 by Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE American-Scandinavian Foundation announces the publication of "The King's Mirror," translated from the old Norwegian of the thirteenth century, with an introduction and notes by Prof. Laurence M. Larson, of the University of Illinois, the third in the series of Scandinavian Monographs. Three new volumes are published in the series of Scandinavian Classics, namely, J. P. Jacobsen's "Marie Grubbe," Björnson's "Arnliot Gelline," and an "Anthology of Swedish Lyrics."

HENRI BARBUSSE'S "Le Feu," upon which we commented in our issue of October 11, has been translated into English with the title "Under Fire," by Fitzwater Wray and is published by Dutton at \$1.50 net.

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S "Political Ideals" (The Century Co.; \$1) will doubtless be read with anticipation by many persons who sympathize with the author's pacifist views, as well as by others who, more or less violently opposed to pacifism in any form, are curious to see what new heresies so well-known a pacifist has been able to invent. Both classes of readers will be disappointed. There are a number of direct references to pacifism in Mr. Russell's admirably written pages, but they are quite incidental to a searching and destructive criticism of civilized society as now constituted and administered, and to an exposition of a new social order towards which every enlightened state ought, in Mr. Russell's opinion, to aspire. Briefly, the new régime for which Mr. Russell pleads appears to be a mixture, in somewhat uncertain proportions, of theoretical anarchism and a sort of guild socialism. The ownership of property, and in general the whole theory of possession, is a fatal bar to individual development and independence, and leads straight to the domination of a property-holding class, the intrenchment of governmental authority, and ultimately to war. Not in trade unionism, nor syndicalism, nor socialism is a satisfactory remedy to be found, mainly because all such devices and palliatives represent, in the last analysis, only a substitution of one kind of force for another. Precisely what the features of the new society should be is not very clear from Mr. Russell's intimations, but the core of the system, apparently, is in part to be found in a limited control vested in the workers in each particular industry. Beyond this, the author would seem to favor a virtually complete liberty for the individual in personal conduct as well as in economic and political relations; the functions of government, which he would by no means abolish, being restrained to the preservation of such liberty and resistance to arbitrary violations of it. As nationality tends to the enhancement as well as to the conservation of possessory rights, the peace of the world will be best insured by the creation of an international state. Mr. Russell's keen dissection of the evils of modern industrialism and the obstacles to free thought is at least wholesomely disturbing, but we cannot discover in his vague constructive suggestions any well-thought-out plan that can be adjudged practically workable.

KATHERINE TYNAN (Hinkson), the Irish poet, novelist, and journalist, has made of her cheery reminiscences of the years 1891 to 1911 a good-sized book which she calls "The Middle Years" (Houghton Mifflin; \$3.50). Mrs. Hinkson has published scores of books, has contributed to numberless periodicals, and has corresponded with count-

less literary persons of more or less importance. Her record conveys the impression that she has been delightfully busy, tirelessly interested, and exuberantly happy. Her prime gifts, which richly flavor the volume, are her Celtic blood, her quick warm sympathies, her affection for almost all kinds of men and women and all kinds of flowers and pets. She has the caressing touch which wins the love of dogs and young poets—old poets, too, for that matter. Describing her dog Paudeen, she says: "In the midst of the Perivale fields, where there is or was a wicket-gate, one day a whole girls' school—darling, fat, peach-skinned little girls with shining locks—knelt down and worshipped him." There is the quality of emotion that a literary coterie values. "You know how to praise!" writes Mr. Yeats. "What a good untiring friend you are!" Another secret of her steady felicity is her literary facility; she admits that it is not in her "to write with difficulty," even in a perfect hurly-burly of noise and confusion. In favorable circumstances she has been capable of producing two novels between the 6th of May and the 20th of July—one of them "good," the other "not at all bad." She writes her reminiscences, one suspects, just as she talks—without much premeditation, composition, or revision, but with an unflagging gush of high spirits, a full memory, and a chaotic diary. This voluble chatter illuminates nothing steadily and adequately but the swirling mental furniture of one Irishwoman of letters, in the midst of which one catches many a glimpse of notable autographs, letters, photographs, and souvenirs.

THE author adored Parnell and the Fenian leader, John O'Leary, and she conveys a sense of those deep personal loyalties which play so large a part in Irish politics and reinforce the cement of race and religion. She worshipped with other young pencraftsmen at the feet of W. E. Henley. She exchanged many letters with W. B. Yeats in the days when that high priest of the Celtic Renaissance was still musing on his mission, and she makes two chapters of his letters to her. She gives piquant glimpses of Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson, and the Meynells, with whom she was in sympathetic relationship. George Moore she did not care for; nor did she go far with Mr. G. B. Shaw. Her acquaintance with George Wyndham she notes characteristically as "one of the most golden happenings of my life." Here and there among the slight sketches and personal gossip and anecdote is something of genuine literary interest. For example, this from one of Yeats's letters: "In the second part of 'Oisín' under disguise of symbolism I have said several things to which I only have the key. The romance is for my readers. They must not even know there is a symbol anywhere. They will not find out. If they did it would spoil the art." This is a delicate art, indeed—a chastity of concealment beyond the reaches of the Latin law-giver's soul. Among the golden sayings of Francis Thompson this is not the least memorable and pregnant: "I despise the conventional modesty of these days, and see no reason why a poet should pretend to see no merit in his own verse, when in his heart he believes it to be good. When I find a poet doing so, I always exclaim internally: 'What the deuce did you publish it for then?'"

THE brief description of the Water Service of the Swiss Department of the Interior, in the *Annales de Géographie* for September, strongly emphasizes the need of a similar service in many of our States. In Switzer-

land each stream is carefully surveyed and reports are published showing the amount of water carried by them, the area of their ponds and reservoirs, and the use made of them, as well as the erosion caused, and the consequences of the correction of their courses. Especial consideration is given to what is termed the new science of fluvial hydraulics, with particular relation to the production of electricity. Other subjects treated in this number are the largest Mediterranean lake, Berre, of which a careful study has been made, the resources of fish, seaweed, and lime of the west coast of France, the regions bordering on the Sea of Marmora, and facts showing the gradual desiccation of Senegal.

"DELUSION and Dream," an interpretation in the light of psychoanalysis of "Gradiva," a novel by William Jensen, is an essay of some hundred and twenty pages by Dr. Sigmund Freud, of Vienna, scientific interpreter of dreams and healer of souls (Moffat, Yard; \$2). It is translated into English by Helen M. Downey and published in one volume with a version of Jensen's novelette by the same translator, whose competency and conscientiousness are expertly vouched for in an introduction by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, whose artistic competency, however (the conscientiousness seems evident) is illustrated in the opening pages of the novelette by such passages as "a tall, slight figure, whose soft, wavy hair a folded kerchief almost completely bound" (p. 4), and "a foreboding of it reached the senses and awoke in remote, sunny places a desire for leaf-green, fragrance and bird-song" (15). "Gradiva," a typical product of Teutonic sentimentalism, is the story of a young archæologist of Berlin who has fallen in love with the antique bas-relief of a girl with a peculiarly graceful walk (hence the name, "Gradiva"). After dreaming that he had seen her in Pompeii at the time of its destruction in the year 79, he seemingly meets the same young woman in Pompeii itself, and the delusion which links the two experiences in one order of things persists until he learns from her that she is his neighbor in Berlin and a playmate of his childhood—after which the usual happy ending. Freud treats the story as an interesting and remarkable confirmation, because without scientific intent—"out of the mouths of babes," so to speak—of his theory of dreams. The author is more clear-headed; he calls it only "a Pompeian fancy." And to the prosaic view of unscientific common-sense it would seem that the dreams embodied in the novelette have no more verisimilitude than the usual dreams of fiction or the "brain fever" employed by novelists of a past generation. Freud's essay, which, by the way, adds nothing to his theory of dreams, reminds one of the German professor's grave corrections, on the margin, of the errors in German in Mark Twain's speech. Truly it is an interesting theory which is as well supported by fiction as by fact, and the possibilities of confirmation would seem to be unlimited. Next, doubtless, we shall have a study of the "repressions" which kept the sleeping beauty from waking for a century and an analysis of the erotic motives underlying the noble stoicism of the little tin soldier.

UNDER the title "The Folk-Element in Hindu Culture" (Longmans, Green; \$5 net) the well-known Hindu scholar, B. K. Sarkar, has made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the interrelation of the higher and lower religious cults of the Middle Ages and of the pres-

ent time. His book of over three hundred pages, of which fifty are devoted to classified indices, might perhaps have been called preferably *Hindu Culture in Folk-Religion*. It shows how modern religious cults are drawn from a mixture of older culture-forms, indistinguishably mingled, a hodge-podge of Buddhism, Shivaism, and popular rites. History is rather vague to the author (as is often the case in India). He believes that the "analogues and duplicates" of the modern Gambhira festivity in Bengal "crossed the limits of Asia and became established in Europe and Africa." This festivity, as its name implies, is a dramatic performance based on the worship of a deity worshipped in the inner recess or temple of Shiva, a spring-festival originally, in which drama is employed to castigate those deserving of ridicule as well as to worship the god or goddess (female form of Shiva). It retains the swing-rite, in which worshippers swing with the sun, their backs being pierced with thongs. A naïve touch is given by the plaint of those devout souls who do not wish to become one with the divine and lose personality: "We want to be [become] ghosts and enjoy ourselves hereafter." It is interesting to find that Dharma (as in China) has become a goddess; that Mohammed has become a god; and that virtuosity led the poets of the Middle Ages to give the prize of poetry to the poem containing the most unintelligible words. The whole volume is full of such odd bits of information together with an illuminating general survey of popular festivals in Bengal. Some inductions are questionable, but the work is to be commended if only for the mass of first-hand material here collected.

WRITTEN for a British rather than an American public, David Hannay's "Diaz" (Holt; \$2 net) inspires the confidence born of frank disinterestedness. It makes no pretence at being exhaustive. This is doubly fortunate in the case at hand, since an attempt to plunge too far into the details of Mexican politics for the last half century would lead into a meaningless labyrinth of attack and recrimination, of fulsome praise and abuse, of that impassioned defence and fervent invective of which the contemporary Latin-American historian is both the sponsor and the victim. Mr. Hannay has, in fact, treated his interesting hero with a suitably light touch. He neither eulogizes nor condemns him. He presents facts of population and political development with the insight and sympathy of one who is thoroughly familiar with the winning as well as the repellent side of Spanish-America. Thus he frames Diaz in a Mexican frame, and not, as too many authors are inclined to do, in an American or European frame. Mr. Hannay estimates Diaz as an excellent ruler, but only a moderate statesman. At the same time he doubts whether Mexico can ever hope to produce a better statesman. In other words, through the shortcomings of Diaz he perceives the real measure of the civilization he directed for many important years.

BEFORE Mr. Hannay had finished his volume, Diaz was dead and Mexico was again plunged into anarchy. This alone inspired a more cautious judgment than many of those rendered during the dictator's life. To many it was not apparent, even so late as 1909, that Diaz had wrought no permanent change in Mexico. The semblance of order prevailed. The treasury frequently showed a surplus. Mexico's credit stood high, and it was obviously to the interest of

those with large financial interests in the country, which they wished to promote, to strengthen in every way the legend that Diaz had accomplished a miracle and established permanent order in Mexico. Perhaps the eighty-year-old dictator himself knew better. It is inconceivable that selfishness should so far have mastered him that he would refuse to make way for another unless he understood Mexico better than his extravagant admirers. He knew that the "Diaz system" would pass out with Diaz. And he was resolved that it should not pass out until every last ounce of his strength failed him. He stuck to that resolve. When he finally gave up the reins, it was rather through the insidious advance of senile decay than through the force of the gathering Madero revolution. Mr. Hannay makes frequent reference to the importance of the United States in Mexican politics, yet those familiar with Mexican affairs would say that he does not stress it enough. Diaz faced more than one internal crisis. It would be interesting to know just how often he mastered these crises by the simple expedient of threatening an American intervention. Where he could not count on the loyalty of his native Mexicans, he was for long able to count on their fear of the great republic to the north. The phantom of American invasion was often worth more to Diaz than a brigade of infantry. He could unite all factions against an imaginary outside foe. It can at least be said of him that he left the material shell of Mexico better than he found it; he left the country better known to foreign capital than ever it had been before. If he did not work an internal political miracle, we must measure the scant success of his efforts by comparison with the success of other Latin-American tyrants. Francia left Paraguay inert and inept. Diaz left Mexico alert though still turbulent. When some European statesman brings the Balkans into a state of effective

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self government, our estimate of Diaz will fall correspondingly.

IN "Victor Chapman's Letters from France," with a memoir by his father, John Jay Chapman (Macmillan; \$1.25), we have the first fruits of what will soon be our American records of the great war. It is to such intimate records of service, graciously given to an appreciative public by their bereft sponsors, that the American historian must turn in the future to catch that elusive but necessary insight to the spirit and temper of a people at war in a just cause. The letters of this young aviator who gave his life for France, before his country had entered the war as her ally, are those of a healthy American boy who threw himself heart and soul into the great adventure. But there is no missing the fact that all the fire and abandon of American youth, that so persistently robs these pages of their final tragedy, has followed upon a moral decision as to the ethics of the great conflict, and is consistently backed by a full realization of the sacrifice and by a determination to pay the price. Thus it is a book that we should like to see in the hands of our youth of both sexes throughout the country.

Mr. Finck Among the Prophets

IT is both curious and consoling to find Mr. Henry T. Finck among the Strauss prophets. Richard Strauss, be it understood. Not that Mr. Finck has been anti-Strauss, but he could not be claimed as a thick-and-thin advocate of the great composer. In his newly published volume, "Richard Strauss: The Man and His Works,"* the music-critic confesses in a footnote—and his credo is not as timid as the type—that his opinion about Strauss has suffered a rich sea-change. He writes: "My aversion at one time to Richard Strauss was so intense that I conceived the plan of a book to be called 'The Greater Strauss and the Lesser,' Johann, of course, being the 'Greater.' I like Richard now better than I did; but how much greater he would be if he could have had Johann's almost Schubertian gift of creating real melodies!" Why stop at Johann Strauss? Why not Bach's solemn splendor, or the tremendous power of Handel, or Beethoven's profundity? However, Mr. Finck's sense of critical proportion, above all his humor, prevailed, and we are the gainers thereby. It is a big book in more senses than one, this new study of a man and musician who set the musical firmament ablaze with his pyrotechnics and his flaming tonal proclamations. To be sure, all the thrice-familiar Finckian critical stigmata are present; his Wagner worship and the clamorous praise of Rubinstein, Grieg, Paderewski, Liszt, MacDowell, and Percy Grainger. Like the mountaineer in the story, Mr. Finck seems not to know that the Civil War is over; certainly over with Wagner, Liszt, and Rubinstein—there never was any battling about the harmonic bon-bons of Grieg; and last, though not least, over in the case of Richard Strauss's music. Strauss is ranged. We know him now. But enthusiasm is contagious. Mr. Finck's musical enthusiasms are always exhilarating, and while his study of Strauss is not as significant as his Life of

Wagner—the best biography in English—we must remember the difference in the career of the two men. Wagner's life, like his music, was dramatic. The life thus far of Strauss has been almost commonplace.

The introductory chapter is entitled *Genius or Charlatan?* A rather bootless query, for whatever place be assigned to him down the corridor of time, Strauss will not be called a charlatan, notwithstanding his sensationalism. The supreme master of the orchestra, making elementary the efforts of Berlioz and Liszt, he cannot be explained away with a phrase. The musicianship of Strauss is, perhaps, his most convincing asset. He is the mocking-bird of musical history. No style, no form, no technique or nuance, is beyond his extraordinary power of assimilation. He has at his finger tips every man's manner: Bach or Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven, Mendelssohn or Meyerbeer. He transformed the triangle of Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner into a quadrangle. He plays, as if in some colossal game, with their procedures, technical and emotional. Among latter-day composers he is Eclipse, and the rest nowhere.

But the hands are the hands of Strauss, though the voice is not always his own. The shadow of a greater Richard lies across his path and behind that shadow are the shadows of the classics. Mr. Finck is quite justified in his contention that Strauss has not necessarily "improved" on the "Symphonic Poems" of Liszt because his orchestral apparatus is vaster, or his literary themes more pretentious. And the prime excuse for Liszt's form, its brevity, cannot be made for the "Tone-Poems" of Strauss. As Mr. Krehbiel pointed out long ago, the latter are longer than the old-fashioned cyclic symphony. Yet Strauss has something to say, something individual and arresting, even if he is not as original as Liszt, nor a melody-maker like Schubert. He did not cause us to forget "Tristan and Isolde" with his "Electra," and he did recall the purple pomp and sonorous platitudes of Meyerbeer with his "Salome." Now "Electra" is no mean achievement, coming as it did after Mozart, Gluck, Wagner, and Verdi. Charged with horrors, full of horrible noises, nevertheless, it is the most tremendous tragic work since "Tristan and Isolde." Only years of study will bring to our consciousness the values of this music-drama, by far the most important composition of its creator. Therein the true Strauss and his chief characteristics are fused. The "Tone Poems" seem but a series of cartoons preparatory to this tonal epic. Decadent? Yes, why not? Decadence is in all the Seven Arts nowadays, and Strauss can shake hands, figuratively speaking, with Antoine Wiertz, of Brussels—though he is far better painter on his orchestral canvas than was that half-mad Belgian artist.

In the opinion of the present writer, and it is put forth merely as a personal notion, the "Don Quixote" of Strauss is the most original of the "Tone Poems." The "Don Juan" may possess more *élan*, which often masquerades as spontaneity. But the Wagnerian motives pelt one's aural organ like a hailstorm. "Don Quixote," despite the disproportionate fuss raised over the wind-machine and the sheep bleating—an academic question after all—contains page after page of beautiful and moving music. Richard Strauss is a notable stylist, and has written perfect episodes. The death of the Don, like Salome's last song, is indescribable in terms of prose. Only a poet could have conceived such music; tender, melting, melancholy. Criticism in America has always been manifestly unfair to this work; indeed, to all of Strauss's compositions. The critical cowardice as to

*Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50 net.

"Salome" is past and done with; it is even comical in perspective; but as a specimen of silly prudishness—for the so-called psychopathic element in the libretto was a mare's nest discovered through the ingenuity of Philip Hale—it has no counterpart in musical annals. Like the British as described by Macaulay, New York was suffering from one of its periodical fits of immoral morality, and Strauss was the sufferer. The Wanamaker episode was another piece of stupidity. Mr. Finck makes some vigorous comment on the subject and his position is incontrovertible.

His study is a thorough one. He tells the story of Strauss. He describes his personal traits and relates many pertinent anecdotes. He approves of the composer's undoubted business sense—which is only right. Portraits and caricatures made at various stages in the life of the musician are included in this valuable and readable volume. Part III is devoted to a consideration of programme music, Liszt's "Symphonic Poems," followed by a detailed study of Strauss's "Tone Poems," six operas and the ballet, "The Legend of Joseph." Carefully assembled from every available source are numerous critical opinions pro and contra. The songs are accorded a special chapter, as is the visit of Strauss to this country. Mr. Finck is by no means a full-fledged *Straussianer*. Not yet. He finds much to cavil at, much to wonder over, and his shibboleth, pure melody, is again to the fore, as a dialectic battering-ram with which to stun those critics who over-estimate the man from Munich. The exotic coloring of Strauss's scores, the saturnine humor—we are here far from the ventripotent laughter of Verdi—and the sinister irony, à la Liszt, his architectonic, the most amazing architect in tone of them all, his disconcerting versatility—the same pen traced the scores of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "Till Eulenspiegel"—all these qualities Mr. Finck has not failed to register and discuss.

The formal sense of Strauss makes him the master-builder among the moderns. Since Brahms no one, not even Max Reger, can vie with him. It is precisely what distinguishes him from the composers who aim at delicate, perfumed, and recondite harmonies. The French school is still headed by Saint-Saëns, notwithstanding the muted poetic music of Debussy. Atmosphere, flavor, drugged and invertebrate, this tonal hashish is but a passing mode: The lovely "Pelleas and Mélisande," of Maeterlinck, will be read and admired a half century hence, when Debussy's mixture of Wagner and absinthe shall have been forgotten. Not a difficult prediction to make of any but essential music, music the most mortal among the arts, where will Richard Strauss himself be? He does not seem to know, as Mr. Finck quotes him. Perhaps "Fledermaus," of Johann Strauss, may be drawing crowds in the year 1947, while Richard II will be hidden in the biographical dictionaries.

Percy Grainger, the Young Siegfried of the Antipodes, contributes an appreciation of Strauss as Seer and Idealist, and says some apposite things, though exception might be taken to his assertion that Strauss is a genius by reason of his heart and not his head. Strauss is preëminently cerebral. He is emotional, of course, but his craftsmanship tops all his other gifts. He is human, also. Too sentimental, we admit, though his "lovable temperament," is not obtrusively present in his music. Above all, he is virile; his voice is the most masculine in the contemporary choir of lyric embroiderers, fuming futurists, and other feminine mosaic-workers. And as for his not being a born "innovator" like Debussy (who owes more to Moussorg-

sky than is critically admitted), Cyril Scott, Scriabine, Delius, or Stravinsky, the reverse is true. In essentials Strauss is the real innovator, and a mighty musical and poetic personality. To ascribe to him the "cosmic soul of the Goethe, Milton, Nietzsche, Walt Whitman, Edgar Lee Masters calibre" is a rather large order, is it not? And why drag in Goethe, Milton, Nietzsche? One omission by Mr. Finck should be rectified. He justly praises the pioneer work for Strauss in America by Theodore Thomas, who produced the "F Minor Symphony" here in 1884; by Dr. Karl Muck, Josef Stransky, and Alfred Hertz, but there is no mention of Emil Paur, whose Strauss propaganda was of unquestionable value, both with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Paur's influence was even wider reaching than Arthur Nikisch's. "Richard Strauss: The Man and His Works" is appropriately dedicated to Josef Stransky.

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

Notes from the Capital

Charles Gates Dawes

A CITIZEN still on the sunny side of fifty-five, who has repeatedly been mentioned as a "possibility" when some big war-board was to be organized, and who finally went to France as a member of an engineer contingent, is Charles Gates Dawes, of Illinois. Nine persons in ten who hear his name have no association with it except finance; but in fact he comes of a family better known in the engineering field than in any other, and prominent in a variety of enterprises for the development of public utility projects. They have been railway men, oil and gas and electric system promoters, and the like. They all began with modest means in the little college town of Marietta, Ohio, and whatever success they attained they owed to their own foresight and resourcefulness. Charles laid out for himself a career as a civil engineer, but soon found the law so necessary an adjunct to any ambitious undertaking that he branched off into that profession, and, looking for a fresh field of practice, hit upon Lincoln, Neb., as the place. Here he became acquainted with William J. Bryan, who was already acquiring local celebrity as an advocate of the fifty-cent dollar and other cheap heresies. They used to wrangle good-humoredly over the problems then agitating the minds of the business public, and occasionally faced each other in platform debates with their fellow townsmen for audience. All this was an educative experience, as it led Dawes into making a detailed study of national finance and banking methods; and, coincidentally, matters political were so shaping themselves as to make it plain that the next Presidential campaign would hinge upon the money question.

In spite of his devotion to the law, the old fondness for development projects kept asserting itself, and a combination of circumstances presently attracted Dawes eastward again as far as Evanston, Ill., as one of the moving spirits in a large gas and coke company. When McKinley's name loomed conspicuously in connection with the Republican nomination for the Presidency, Dawes felt sure that Mark Hanna, as a representative business man, would not let his candidate commit any serious financial follies between then and election day, so he addressed himself to the task of making Illinois a McKinley State. It was an uphill

struggle, for Senator Cullom, an amiable old gentleman who prided himself on looking like Abraham Lincoln, cherished lively Presidential aspirations, and was seeking the endorsement of the coming State Convention. The Cook County delegation, which seemed to hold the key to the situation, was known to be for Cullom, except the contingent from the Evanston district, which hung in the balance, but was generally expected to fall into line; hence, when the ballot disclosed a McKinley majority, Hanna's admiration of the work of the amateur in politics who had planned the happy surprise knew no bounds, and Dawes was at once assigned to duties of the highest importance in connection with the national campaign to follow.

Promptly after election, McKinley offered Dawes the appointment of Private Secretary to the President, but he declined on the ground that the office carried too much of the form and too little of the substance of authority. The Controller of the Currency, however, had some very useful and critical functions to perform, quite in line with his previous studies; so Dawes, with truly Western candor, announced that he would like the Controllership, and in a little while the newspapers proclaimed that he was to have it, though the President-elect was not yet seated and Controller Eckels had finished less than four of his statutory five years. Dawes at once came out with a graceful interview expressing the hope that Eckels would remain in charge till the expiration of his term. Eckels did. Dawes then took hold, and made a remarkably spirited administration. It was the first case Washington could recall of a bureau chief publicly slated for office under a new President a good while before that President had himself been seated, and a year or more before the lesser office was to become vacant.

Dawes was distinctive in most of his methods. His scrutiny of the established habits of the Treasury in dealing with the banks had satisfied him that there was room for improvement in several respects pointing to economy and to the further removal of his examining force from influences which might disturb their judicial poise in dubious cases. His subordinates seemed to like him personally, and, though a staunch partisan, he ignored the politics of any man on his staff who had proved exceptionally deserving. He found in his bureau, for instance, a clerk named Kane, who had been doing good service for a number of years on a meagre salary, and whose mind was stored with the history, precedents, and statistics of the Controller's domain. A vacancy occurring in the Deputy Controllership, Dawes questioned Kane about the human material in the bureau on which it might be practicable to draw for filling the vacant place by a promotion. Kane went painstakingly over the list, showing considerable discernment as to the characteristics of the several persons mentioned. Then Dawes bade him take a letter from dictation. It was addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, and began:

"SIR: I hereby recommend for appointment as Deputy Controller of the Currency, *vice* L. O. Murray, resigned —"

There was a moment's pause, and Kane looked up, wondering which of the men he had been describing was to be named. His pencil almost dropped from his hand as his chief concluded the sentence:

"—Thomas P. Kane, of the District of Columbia."

The selection proved as successful as the manner of its announcement was unusual.

Though Dawes has carried many heavy responsibilities from the time he came upon the stage, there has never been in his appearance any suggestion of "the tired business man." He is brisk, but composed, direct without curtness, and frank-spoken in a discussion without knocking his adversary down. Although rather spruce-looking, he scorns unnecessary formality, takes kindly to soft hats and sack-coats, and always used to, and doubtless still does, tip his cigar at an upward angle. He will be, I venture to guess, among the first of his class to take to the soft collar when the stress of war economies shall have placed laundry starch on the luxury list.

TATTLER

Reviews of Plays

"EVE'S DAUGHTER"

IT is a pity that Miss Grace George was persuaded to begin her season at the Playhouse with so crude and at the same time so insipid a piece of work as "Eve's Daughter." Last year her performances of a carefully selected list of plays were looked forward to by theatregoers with much relish. They were marked by finished acting, which stimulated both the intellect and the fancy. The present play, by Alicia Ramsey, which in brief portrays the experiences of a young girl of high spirits when she breaks loose from a Puritanical household and almost enters into a relation of free love, might have seemed less amateurish a few years ago. Then the reign of sex on the stage was undisputed, no matter how outspoken the lines. But we have fortunately discarded this phase, and now expect something more edifying than a mere exposure. It has been our experience also that the woman author without much talent is at her worst when attempting to imagine episodes in the lives of bold bad men. A feeling of helplessness is betrayed by Alicia Ramsey in her continual invocation of the name of the Deity.

F.

"THE BARTON MYSTERY"

WRITERS of detective stories, whether for the stage or in the form of a novel, would be well advised to stick to the general principle that in this type action, mental and physical, is all-important. Conan Doyle has wisely resisted the temptation to develop character in his records of Sherlock Holmes, and it is certain that "The Thirteenth Chair" would never have had its extraordinary run if its author had not been too absorbed in the working out of his puzzle to attempt elaborate shadings of character. The fact that mysteries attendant upon murders are often quite as complete and strange in actual life as any sketched in fiction does not alter the case. The general public has apparently made up its mind that this is an artificial genre manufactured for the express purpose of sharpening its wits. After the first act of "The Thirteenth Chair" it was the rule to hear members of the audience speculating as to who was the murderer. "The Barton Mystery," in spite of the prestige of a successful run in London, occasioned no such curiosity at the Comedy Theatre. This was a pity, since it started in the best tradition of a murder committed in his lordship's library. The author, Mr. Walter Hackett, has described his play as a "comedy-drama." But this will not save it from the judgment that it is not the real thing. It is

satisfied to present a half-charlatan, half-real detective, in the form of a clairvoyant, surrounded by an atmosphere of fashionable life so dear to English theatregoers. New York has profited by it to the extent of seeing the acting of A. E. Anson, who is worthy of a much better play.

F.

THE ancient myth of the rape of Persephone seems to be a favorite subject with our modern dramatic poets. It has been adopted as a theme for a Masque, by Isaac Flagg (Paul Elder; 75 cents net), with a due regard for its classical origin and its significant symbolism. His version shows scholarship, imagination, and facility in metrical composition. And it contains some eloquent and many attractive passages—especially among the lyrics—but, as a whole, it is not remarkable for poetic inspiration. It would be much more effective for representation if written with greater directness and simplicity. The actual words employed are, as a rule, sufficiently simple and clear, but the meaning of them is often obscured by an arbitrary and perplexing arrangement of sentences. In actual recital—particularly in these latter days when elocution is almost a lost art among actors—the ordinary audience would often be at a loss to understand the drift of what was passing before their eyes. This is a serious defect in a Masque which is not greatly helped by illuminative pantomime. The piece, however, has literary qualities which will repay the appreciative reader, although it will not bear comparison with "The Story of Eleusis," inspired by the same theme, by Louis V. Ledoux.

Finance

The Decline in Stocks

THE heavy break on the Stock Exchange last week—when prices of the most active shares declined 2 to 6 points on top of an equally extensive decline the previous week, and when no effective measures seemed to be taken

to arrest the downward movement—caused a curious variety of comment in Wall Street. Much of it was unreasoning, some of it was self-contradictory. There was more or less of hysterical talk, as there always is on such occasions.

It was suggested in the same quarter that things might come to a pass necessitating the closing of the Exchange peremptorily. From this it was only one step to the dissemination of the "rumor" throughout Wall Street that the Stock Exchange was about to suspend business, as it did in 1914. The whole country has its ear to the long-distance telephone when stocks are breaking, and the result of this foolish report was not only that speculative holders sold out hastily, on the idea that presently they might have no opportunity to sell, but that interior banks which were lending on the Stock Exchange called in their loans, lest they should again be caught in an "outlaw market" or a "moratorium."

All this was merely a more than usually senseless exhibition of Wall Street hysteria. In particular, the idea of suspension of trading by the Stock Exchange was at once, and in a formal statement, pronounced absurd by the Exchange authorities. The stock market itself, when this source of foolish nervousness was removed, steadied itself and passed into a stage of rather rapid recovery. But the incident none the less left everybody asking what was the matter with the market.

To this question there appeared to be two answers. The fact of the enormous requisitions on capital, due to the pending Liberty Loan, was the more obvious. The money of the investment community—especially of that part of it which hurries down to Wall Street to buy at "bargain prices"—was either actually or prospectively tied up. This cut off, for the time being, one source of support.

The other was undoubtedly the position in which a great number of investors, especially the very large ones, found themselves as a result of the new Federal Tax law. The case was not merely one of heavy tax burdens; it involved a most unusual perplexity as to how the tax money should be raised. A great capitalist with, say, a 50 per cent. income supertax to pay, may be perfectly able to stand the requisition. But the tax is imposed on the income of this calendar year, of which two-thirds had elapsed when the law was passed.

Two-thirds of that income had presumably been spent, or given away, or invested in securities; but the tax would have to be paid in cash. It was undoubtedly the bewilderment and confusion resulting from the sudden realization of this fact which has led to much of the investment selling, and to much of the absence of support. It came, one should observe, simultaneously with the appeal for Liberty Loan subscriptions and with a falling market, and it was complicated by the clumsy phraseology of the Revenue law, the resultant difficulty in discovering what the excess profits taxes would amount to, and the uncomfortable feeling, based on the Congressional debates themselves, that a considerable faction at Washington regarded the whole bill as a punitive measure against wealth as such.

The immediate spasm of misgiving passed over, and the market recovered. Its later movement will be interesting. But no serious person talked after Monday of last week about "closing the Stock Exchange." For one thing, some clearer information came to hand as to why the stock exchanges, at London and New York especially, shut down on August 31, 1914. Mr. Henry Morgenthau, who at that

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Guy Bates Post

"THE MASQUERADER"

time was our Ambassador to Turkey, gave out last week the substance of a statement then unguardedly made to him in Constantinople by the German Ambassador. It was to the effect that a conference was called at Berlin, early in July, 1914, at which the date for beginning the war was fixed. The Kaiser presided; Moltke and von Tirpitz were present, and so was the German Ambassador to Turkey:

With them were the leaders of German finance, the directors of the railroads and the captains of industry whose aid was essential to the Kaiser in putting his vast military machine into operation. Each was asked if he was ready for war. All replied in the affirmative except the financiers, who insisted that they must have two weeks longer in which to sell foreign securities and arrange their loans.

The fortnight of grace was allowed to them, and the "unloading" process, on all great stock exchanges outside of Berlin, began. It lasted until the date for declaring war arrived. Nobody who visited Wall Street during that fortnight has forgotten the 20 and 30-point decline which amazed the whole financial world. When, finally, the Kaiser's conspiracy was ripe and war was declared, the German markets hastened to clean up all the rest of their foreign holdings. This could not possibly be permitted, and the London Stock Exchange shut down. Circumstances confirm the testimony of this expert witness. The German Government has denied it, but nowadays nobody takes the word of the German Government. But the real facts of that episode throw a sufficient color of absurdity on the suggestion that the New York Stock Exchange might have to do the same thing to-day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

- Cullum, R. *The Forfeit*. Jacobs. \$1.35 net.
 Delano, E. B. *To-morrow Morning*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.35 net.
 Howe, E. W. *The Story of a Country Town*. Harper. \$1.50 net.
 Knipe, E. B. and A. A. *A Maid of Old Manhattan*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Mason, A. E. W. *The Four Corners of the World*. Scribner. \$1.50 net.
 Widdemer, M. *The Wishing-Ring Man*. Holt. \$1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Chandler, C. L. *Inter-American Acquaintances*. University Press of Sewanee, Tenn. \$1.25.
 Destrée, J. *Britain in Arms*. Lane. \$1.50 net.
 Freud, S. *Delusion and Dream*. Moffat, Yard. \$2 net.
 Gerard, J. W. *My Four Years in Germany*. Doran. \$2 net.
 Grandgent, C. H. *The Ladies of Dante's Lyrics*. Harvard University Press. \$1.35 net.
 Grimm, M. E. *Translations of Foreign Novels: A Selected List*. Boston Book Co.
 Hay, M. F. *Secrets of the Submarine*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.25 net.
 Herron, G. D. *Woodrow Wilson and World Peace*. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25.
 Huger Smith, A. R. and D. E. *The Dwelling Houses of Charleston, South Carolina*. Lippincott. \$6 net.
 Huneker, J. *Unicorns*. Scribner. \$1.75 net.
 Lippincott, H. M. *Early Philadelphia: Its People, Life, and Progress*. Lippincott. \$6 net.
 Loeb Classical Library: *Seneca: Ad Lucilium Epistulae Morales*. Translated by R. M. Gummere. Putnam. 3 vols. Vol. I, *Dio's Roman History*. Translated by Earnest Cary. 9 vols. Vol. V, *Cæsar: The Gallic War*. Translated by H. J. Edwards. Putnam.
 Longstreth, T. M. *The Adirondacks*. Century. \$2.50 net.
 Middleton, E. C. *The Way of the Air*. Stokes. \$1 net.
 Montessori, M. *Spontaneous Activity in Education. The Montessori Elementary Material*. Stokes. 2 vols. \$3.80 net the set; \$2 net each.

- Rockwell, F. F. *Around the Year in the Garden*. Macmillan. \$1.75.
 Roosevelt, T. *The Foes of Our Own Household*. Doran. \$1.50 net.
 Smith, L. P. *Trivia*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.25 net.
 Spencer, M. L. *News Writing*. Heath.
The Catholic Encyclopædia and Its Makers. New York: Encyclopædia Press.
 Thomas, E. *A Literary Pilgrim in England*. Dodd, Mead. \$3 net.
 Wood, E. *Thrilling Deeds of British Airmen*. Crowell. \$1.65 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

- Acharya, S. A. *Brahmadarsanam*. Macmillan. \$1.25.
 Brandenburg, W. E. *The Philosophy of Christian Being*. Sherman French. \$1.20 net.
 Condé, B. *The Human Element in the Making of a Christian*. Scribner. \$1 net.
 Parker, De W. H. *The Self and Nature*. Harvard University Press. \$2 net.
 Salter, W. M. *Nietzsche the Thinker*. Holt. \$3.50 net.
 Stratton, G. M. *Theophrastus and the Greek Physiological Psychology Before Aristotle*. Macmillan. \$2.25.
 Whiting, L. *The Adventure Beautiful*. Little, Brown. \$1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

- Blanchard, R. H. *Liability and Compensation Insurance*. Appleton. \$2 net.
 Holdsworth, J. T. *Money and Banking*. Appleton. \$2.25 net.
The Irish Home-Rule Convention. Macmillan. 50 cents.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

- Bland, J. O. P. *Li Hung-Chang*. Holt. \$2 net.
 Doyle, A. C. *A History of the Great War. Vol. II: The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1915*. Doran. \$2 net.
 Elson, H. W. *History of the United States of America*. Macmillan. \$1.80.
 Hopkins, T. *The Romance of Escapes*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3 net.
 Hyamson, A. M. *Palestine: The Rebirth of an Ancient Nation*. Knopf. \$1.50 net.
 Lucas, C. P. *The Beginnings of English Overseas Enterprise*. Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d. net.
Memoirs of Col. John S. Mosby. Edited by C. W. Russell. Little, Brown. \$3 net.
 Mowat, R. B. *The Later Middle Ages, 1254-1494*. Oxford University Press. \$1.50 net.
 Parkman, M. R. *Heroes of To-day*. Century. \$1.35 net.
 Parkman, M. R. *Heroines of Service*. Century. \$1.35 net.
 Pearson, C. C. *The Readjuster Movement in Virginia*. Yale University Press. \$2 net.
 Westergaard, W. *The Danish West Indies*. Macmillan. \$2.50.
 Williams, S. T. *Richard Cumberland: His Life and Dramatic Works*. Yale University Press. \$3 net.
Woman of No Importance, A. Memories Discreet and Indiscreet. Dutton. \$5 net.

POETRY

- Bunner, H. C. *Poems*. Scribner. \$2 net.
 Bynner, W. *Grenstone Poems*. Stokes. \$1.35 net.
 Christian, W. E. *Rhymes of the Rookies*. Dodd, Mead. \$1 net.
 Gibson, W. W. *Collected Poems, 1904-1917*. Macmillan. \$2.25.
 Foster, N. K. *Sonnets and Lyrics*. Elder. \$1.50 net.
 Reed, E. B. *Sea Moods*. Yale University Press. \$1 net.
 Wells, C. *Baubles*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.25 net.
 Whitman, W. *Poems*. Crowell.

SCIENCE

- Abt, I. A. *The Baby's Food*. Philadelphia: Saunders. \$1.25 net.
 Garrison, F. H. *Introduction to the History of Medicine*. Second edition, revised. Philadelphia: Saunders. \$6.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

- Finck, H. T. *Richard Strauss: The Man and His Work*. Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.
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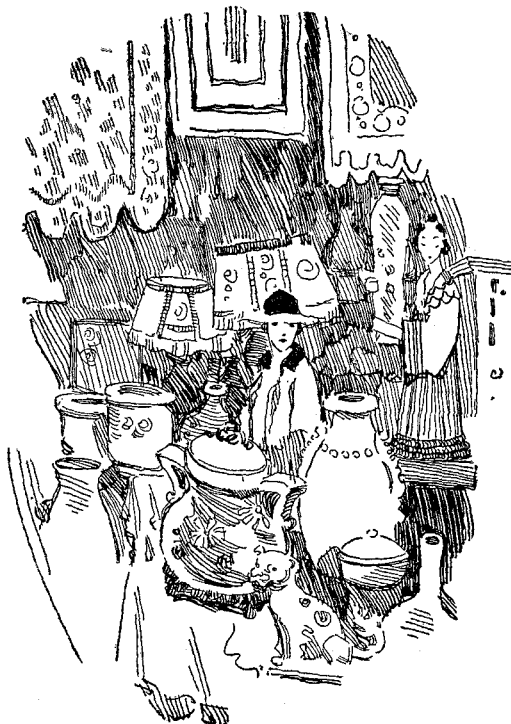
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Summary of the News

THE chief events of the war during the past week have been on the eastern front, where the Germans are pushing their combined naval and military operations in the Gulf of Riga. By the use of a huge armada, they have taken complete possession of Oesel, Moon, and Dagoe Islands, and have carried their invasion to the mainland by seizing the Werder peninsula, pushing back the defenders. The total number of prisoners has been in excess of twenty thousand, and of guns taken in excess of fifty. In naval fighting the Russians have lost the battleship *Slava*, torpedo boat *Grom*, and, according to German reports, various other ships; the Germans are asserted by the Russians to have lost not less than fifteen ships by mine and gunfire; the Russian account, which is somewhat vague, asserts that two German Dreadnoughts were at least temporarily put out of action. For a time it was feared that some twenty vessels of the Russian fleet had been entrapped in Moon Sound, but they have escaped.

IN consequence of the German successes, the Russians have commenced evacuation of the fortified city of Reval, which is exposed to attack from the rear, sending the inhabitants into the interior. It was officially announced October 19 that the capital would be removed from Petrograd to Moscow in the very near future. Quarters will be found there for the Parliament, Cabinet, and diplomatic corps. The Preliminary Parliament met in Petrograd on Saturday, and was addressed by Premier Kerensky, who asserted that "Russia wants peace by right, but we will never bow our heads to force." The first session was not a harmonious one, however. A representative of the Maximalists, Leon Trotsky, president of the central committee of the Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, spoke vehemently against the Government, asserting the inability of the Maximalists to work in accord with it, and announcing his determination to conduct an agitation against it. He was followed out of the hall by all other Maximalists; his committee is protesting against the removal of the Government to Moscow.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Liberty Loan, at the beginning of the final week of the campaign, amounted to \$1,793,000,000, which is less than 40 per cent. of the hoped-for maximum of five billions. The Treasury Department, in a statement Monday night, asserted its determination to use every effort to reach the maximum. It complains of only two "disturbing elements"—the apathy of some rural districts in the Central West and the South, and over-confidence bred by unfounded and exaggerated reports of high sales. On "Liberty Day," October 24, speeches are to be made by ex-President Taft, at Hartford, Conn.; by former Vice-President Fairbanks, at Kansas City, Mo.; by Speaker Clark, at Oklahoma City, and by Cabinet members at various places. Sunday, October 28, has by Presidential proclamation been appointed a day of prayer for the success of American arms.

OUR first considerable casualty list of the war has resulted from the sinking of the transport *Antilles*, returning from France to America, with the loss of 70 men out of 237 on board. The vessel, which was

under convoy, was struck by a torpedo at 6:45 on the morning of October 17, and sank within five minutes. The submarine which fired the torpedo was not seen. Those who perished or were disabled are within the provisions of the new Soldiers' and Sailors' Insurance Act.

MR. HOOVER, Food Controller, has issued a prediction that "the corner has now been turned in high prices, and most of the essential commodities should, one after another, continue to show reductions between now and the end of the year." He qualifies this, however, by making it conditional upon the cooperation of retailers and producers with the Food Controller; and he distinctly states that such cooperation has not yet been fully offered. Flour and sugar are in many instances being sold at a higher price than the prices demanded for them by the "intermediate trades," now under Federal control, justify; and the bean growers' associations are charged with holding back their product, which is nearly double last year's crop, in the hope of obtaining a price twice as great as that offered last year. The price of beef, he adds, has shown some reduction in wholesale prices, but none in retail.

A CERTAIN uneasiness has been caused in wide portions of the country by a shortage of coal and of sugar, the latter of which seems irremediable for some weeks to come. The former is apparently traceable to the excess of demand over even the increased consumption, to inequalities in distribution, and here and there to the effects of sporadic strikes in the Middle West. These strikes have been nearly all brought to an end by the efforts of Dr. Garfield and President White of the United Mine Workers of America. The sugar shortage is caused by unprecedented exports to Europe and by the failure of the campaign for strict economy which Mr. Hoover attempted some time ago; it will be largely or wholly relieved when the arrival at market of the Western beet sugar and Southern cane sugar is supplemented, in December, by the advent of the new Cuban crop, which is of almost unprecedented proportions.

A REPORT has been published in a newspaper issued in Holland, the *Belgisch Dagblad*, of a mutiny among German sailors at Ostend. Simultaneously, news has come through Berne and Rome of serious riots in Pola and Fiume among the crews of Austro-Hungarian warships, and of fighting at the former port between Austrian sailors and the crews of the German submarines there.

NEW YORK'S municipal campaign has been enlivened by a series of riots about school buildings in protest against the Gary, or "work-study-play" plan; these riots being plainly fomented by Tammany interests. It has also been given point by a series of damaging disclosures of the past conduct of Justice Hylan, the Tammany candidate, by the *New York World*. This organ has shown that Hylan was one of the organizers of a "Black Diamond Automobile Company" which, when upon the verge of bankruptcy after selling a portion of its stock, he sued through an agent, and a very disreputable one, for a large bill for legal services. It has also shown that he collected a debt for a distant relative and charged him a totally exorbitant fee, until frightened into reducing it by legal steps; that as a municipal justice he abetted certain saloonkeepers who had sold

liquor on Sunday, in defiance of the law, by seizing upon legal technicalities and quibbles to discharge them; and that in so doing he incurred the wrath of Mayor Gaynor.

THE organizing committee of the Stockholm Conference has published a manifesto regarding peace terms which does not harmonize with the Allied demands. Starting with the proposition that the war must end with neither conqueror nor conquered, and that the system of force must be displaced by a system of right, it adopts the idea of a peace without annexations and indemnities. Germany should be required to pay an indemnity to Belgium, the amount to be fixed by The Hague. The question of Alsace-Lorraine should be settled by a plebiscite, based on the voting list of the latest election in that territory before the war. The political and economic independence of Serbia and Montenegro united should be guaranteed. Among the other recommendations are the placing of the Salonica territory under the common jurisdiction of Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria, the establishment of an independent Poland, with autonomy to the Polish districts in Germany and Austria, the establishment of an independent Finland connected with the Russian republic, the establishment of all the Czechs in an independent state united with Austria, the grant of cultural autonomy to Italian districts within Austria, a friendly settlement of the question of Schleswig-Holstein, and the grant of political autonomy and economic independence to Ireland connected with England. All states should be required to join in a league of nations based upon compulsory arbitration and general disarmament. The committee appealed to the German Socialists to struggle for the democratization of their country. A somewhat similar scheme has been drawn up by the Central Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates; it would provide, however, for the restoration of Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro out of an international fund.

EXCEPT for heavy artillery fighting and air combats, the western front has been quiet until Monday, when the British carried out an advance in the neighborhood of Poelcapelle, and, with the French, south of Houthulst Forest, where a gain of 1,000 yards was made. The British report capturing 200 prisoners and inflicting severe losses on the Germans. On Saturday a fleet of Zeppelins raided England, killing 27 and injuring 53, the greater number in London. In returning the Zeppelins lost their way, and one was destroyed and three others were brought down in French territory. On October 17 two German raiders fell in with a convoy in the North Sea and sank nine neutral merchant vessels and two of the escorting destroyers, making off without any attempt at rescue. Of the British naval seamen 135 were lost, and it is believed that the loss on the merchant vessels will bring the total to 300.

THE Painlevé Ministry in France has survived another crisis, though for how long it is difficult to say. Opposition to the Ministry has taken the eccentric form of votes of confidence by large majorities accompanied by persistent criticism. On Tuesday the Painlevé Ministry was reconstituted with the single but significant change of the departure of Alexander Ribot from the Foreign Office. He was succeeded by Louis Barthou.

October



Readers' Almanac

25 Thurs

Weather Folk Lore

Early lamps burning
So soon the night falls,
Leaves crimson turning,
Make bright the stone walls.

From *Sea Moods and Other Poems* by Edward Bliss Reed (\$1.00 net).

26 Fri.

Look to your wood-pile and your book-shelf—long evenings are upon you. Fill one shelf with the Yale Shakespeare, of which the first volumes are just done (*Much Ado About Nothing*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Henry IV, Part I*). Read in them the plays of William Shakespeare as set forth in the Craig text with notations by the Faculty of English of said University. (*Text-Book Edition*, 50 cents net per volume; *Library Edition*, \$1.00 net per volume.)

27 Sat.

In the year 1785 Fanny Burney wrote of one Richard Cumberland: "How has he got these two characters—one, of Sir Fretful Plagiary, detesting all works but those he owns, and all authors but himself; the other too perfect even to know or conceive the vices of the world?" Stanley T. Williams of the Faculty of English mentioned above has assembled from the neglect into which they had fallen the facts of Cumberland's life and work which make up the alluring riddle of his literary personality. (\$3.00 net.)

28 Sun.

Be that would live at Peace and Rest
Must read and see and say the Best.*
A worthy motto for the day of St. Simon and St. Jude.

29 Mon.

The Hostage, the third of Paul Claudel's works to appear in an English translation, has but now been published, with an Introduction by Pierre Chavannes (\$1.50 net). "The Hostage" is the work of a great poet; it speaks to that noblest in us and can therefore only leave us nobler."

30 Tues.

Rules for Officers

Trust not your memory alone: use books. *Notes on Training: Field Artillery Details*, by Colonel Robert M. Danford and Captain Onorio Moretti, is now in its Fourth Printing, making a total of 20,000 books completed to-day (\$2.00 net). A pocket handbook containing *Seven Hundred French Terms for American Field Artillerymen*, by Edward Bliss Reed, is just issued. (40 cents net.)

31 Wed.

Editorial Forecast

There's Pippins and Cheese to Come, by Charles S. Brooks (\$2.00 net)
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The Greek Genius and Its Influence, edited by Lane Cooper (\$3.50 net)
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*Those who are heedful of the admonitions of proverbs were wise should they watch for the publication of *Divers Proverbs*, collected from the writings of one Nauman Bailey and soon to be issued from the Press of Yale College at the price of one dollar.

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